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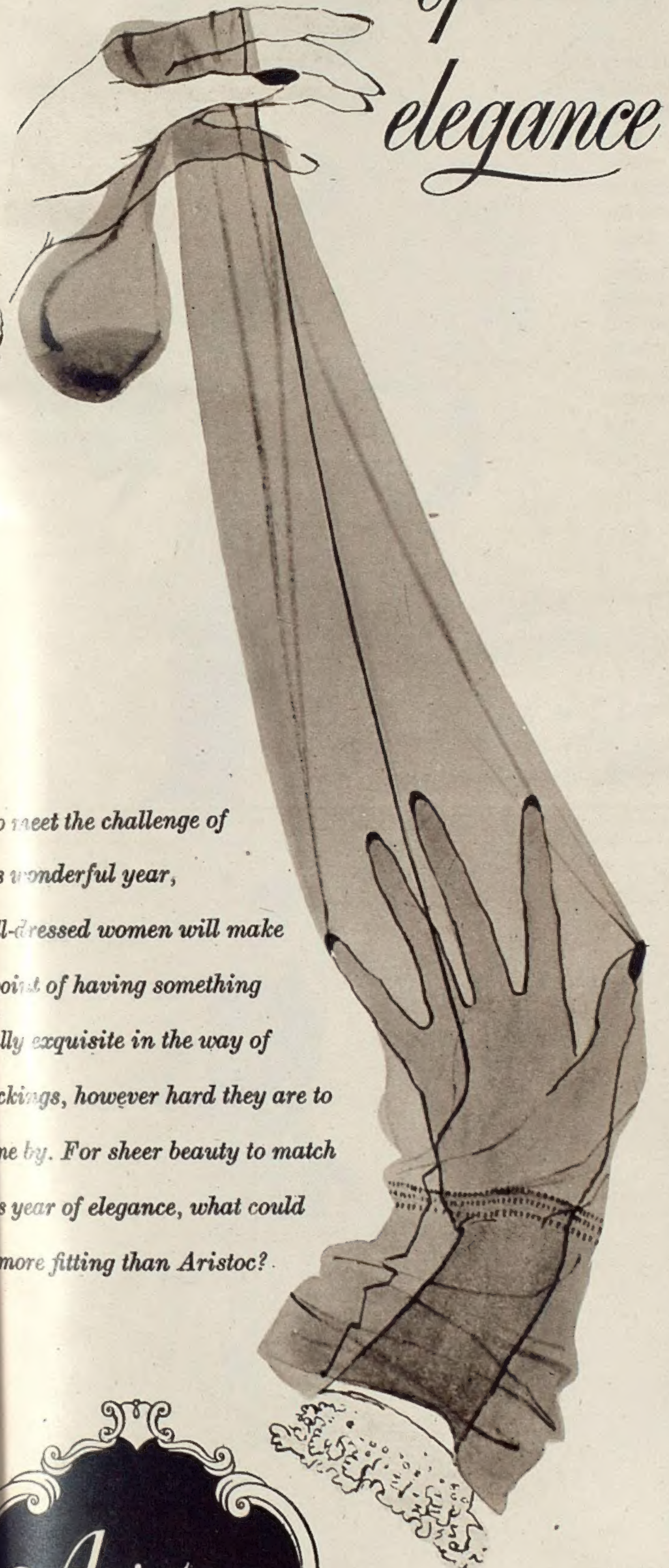

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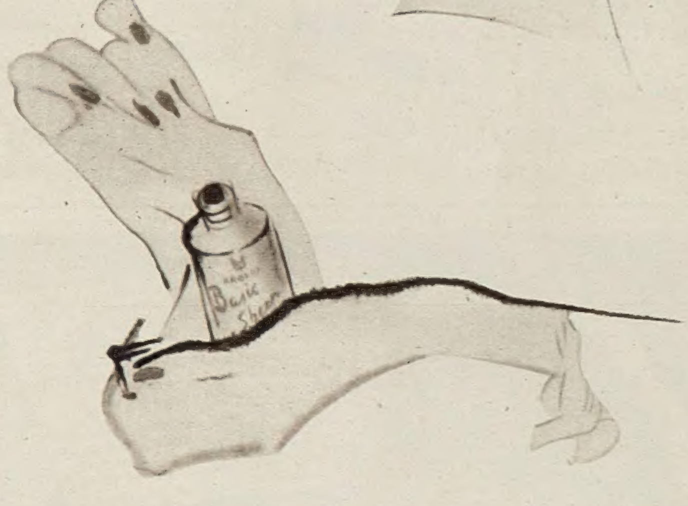

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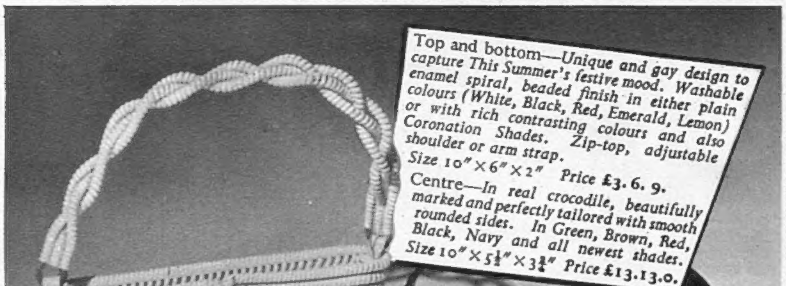

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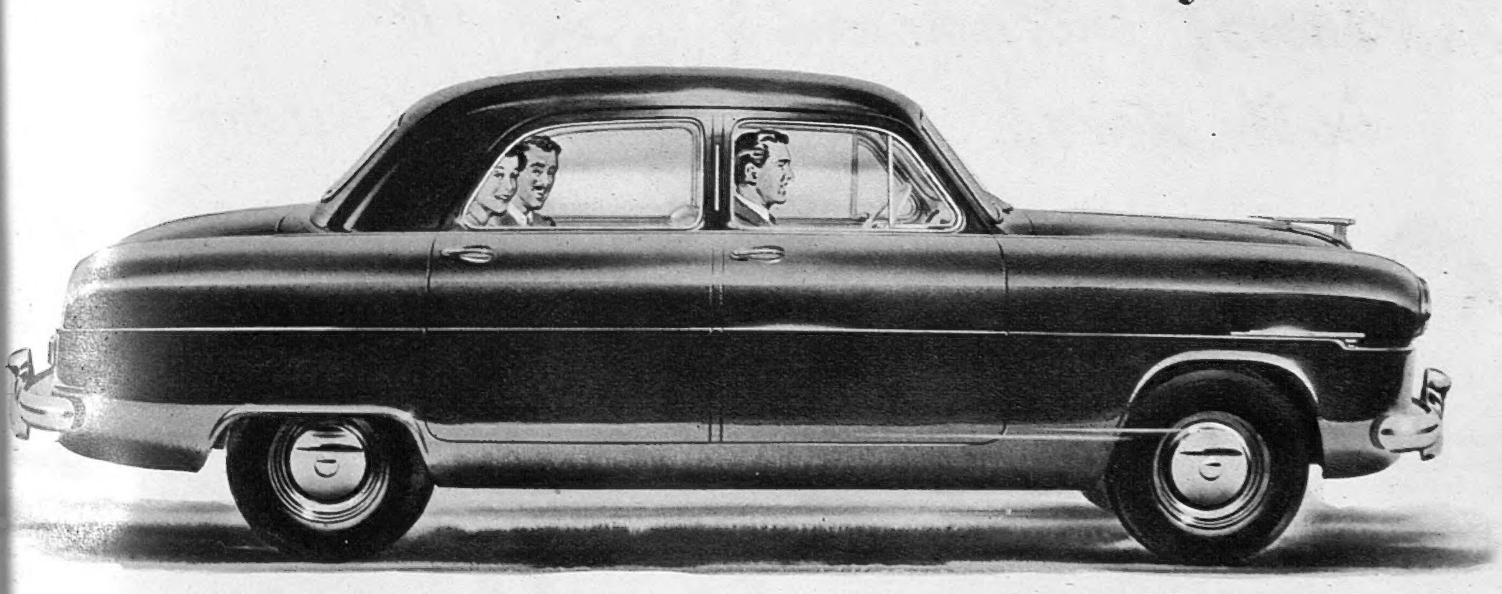

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1953

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

AN EXQUISITE GISELLE

Miss Alicia Markova blazoned her return to Sadler's Wells Ballet last week—her first appearance at the Opera House since 1948—with the greatest Giselle seen there for many years, and was rewarded by one of the most rousing ovations ever heard from a critical Covent Garden audience. Miss Markova is making a guest appearance with the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and her repertoire in the first six weeks also includes the second act of *Lac des Cygnes* and *Les Sylphides*. On April 3, viewers in this country will be able to see her on television as principal ballerina in Christian Simpson's special presentation of *Les Sylphides*.

"YOU CAN ROLL A SILVER DOLLAR . . ." And if your name is Zsa Zsa Gabor, you can take your choice from any one of six thousand—her salary for one week's appearance at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada. Zsa Zsa, beautiful actress wife of George Sanders, chose to take her first week's salary in dollars, remarking: "It 's all so quaint in the West." It 's also been said to be "tough, mighty tough," and the unidentified sheriff in the background appears to be doing his best to look the part.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

THE question of sustenance during the long hours of the Coronation ceremony is already beginning to exercise the minds of the more far-sighted among those commanded to the Abbey. I recently overheard two experienced warriors discussing the most convenient size of flask, and its content.

I always liked the story told of the late Sir Archibald Boyd-Carpenter, the father of the present Financial Secretary to the Treasury, for so many years a well-loved member of the House of Commons. At some Abbey service, either the last Coronation or the Silver Jubilee, Archie was seen at one stage to bury his head in his hands in an attitude of great devotion. His colleagues were tremendously impressed by this religiosity, so suitable in the son of Queen Victoria's favourite bishop. Alas, a faint chinking sound was heard, and a flash of silver revealed that Sir Archibald's consolation was spirituous rather than spiritual.

One of the most beautiful descriptions of a Coronation appears in Miss V. Sackville-West's *The Edwardians*: "And at the moment when the Queen was crowned peeresses had likewise put on their coronets, in a single gesture of exquisite beauty, their white arms rising with a sound like a rushing of birds' wings and a proud arching like the arching of the neck of a swan."

Here, again, strict accuracy compels me to place on record the memories of the elderly who were there, who maintain that the dignity of the proceedings was marred by the patter of sandwiches which peers and peeresses had placed in their coronets!

I SPENT a pleasant Saturday afternoon recently watching the closely contested University fencing match at Hurlingham Club. The standard of the fencers struck me as being unusually high. In fact, Messrs. Stewart Granger and James Mason, who swoosh and swish at each other in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, would not have lasted a second against any of these young men.

I gather that Hurlingham is planning a remarkable series of festivities and celebrations to mark the Coronation year. The Duke of Edinburgh, who has recently become Patron is, I understand, being entertained by the Committee on April 28th, and at the express desire of her Majesty the Queen all her overseas guests are to be invited to a garden party on June 4th.

The entertainment of overseas visitors can sometimes be the cause of headaches in the Earl Marshal's and Lord Chamberlain's offices. The present Shah of Persia is the second generation of the Pahlevi dynasty, his father having originally been a Cossack on guard outside the then Russian Imperial Embassy in Teheran. The previous dynasty, which his father pushed out, was well meaning but decadent. The Court of the Shah-in-Shah in those days was over-burdened with hereditary office-bearers.

When the then Shah came to England on a State visit to King Edward VII., among the ceremonies arranged in his honour was a Court ball. To King Edward's astonishment, so the story runs, he observed that while the Shah was waltzing, a decorative and highly-decorated gentleman was executing a "pas seul" carrying in his hand a pure golden Object of Purely Domestic Significance. The King summoned a young Guards officer who was in attendance, and asked him to find out who this gentleman was. The reply came back that he was the hereditary bearer of this Object of Purely Domestic Significance to His Imperial Majesty the Shah-in-Shah, and that it was an essential part of his duties never to be more than a few paces from his maste

King Edward, whose tact and diplomacy were proverbial, thereupon appointed the Guards officer official bearer of an Object of Purely Domestic Significance to His Most Gracious Majesty the King-Emperor, and told him to take his "opposite number" off the floor and into some part of the Palace where his somewhat curious mark of office would attract less attention!

I WONDER who it was who first thought up the kindly, avuncular nickname for probably one of the coldest-hearted men who have ever existed—"Uncle Joe" Stalin? I believe that this disastrous piece of propaganda was originally conceived in Mr. Churchill's entourage in the War Cabinet offices. Certainly, I first heard it at about the end of 1942 in the No. 10 annexe.

It is almost incredible to think back now to the spate of Russian propaganda which our authorities poured out in the last few years of the war, and which reached such a point that I believe at one stage there was a serious suggestion that "Uncle Joe" might be put up for honorary membership of the Carlton Club. Only two people, to my knowledge, stood out against it in public at the time. One was Kenneth de Courcy, the other Sir Alan Herbert. The latter's poem:

> Let's have no nonsense from the friends of Joe.
> We laud, we love him but the nonsense—no.

with its acid couplet:

> In 1940 when we bore the brunt,
> We could have done, boys, with a Second Front.

was considered at the time almost in bad taste.

Perhaps the last word about Stalin should be that of Pope Urban VIII., who, when he heard of the death of Cardinal Richelieu, said (if one may translate freely): "Well, if there is no God, then he has had a most successful career. If there is one, he is in for a pretty thin time."

MAGDALENE College, Cambridge, provided an admirable setting recently for a claret tasting, organised by Christopher's, the London firm of wine merchants. The clarets were nearly all young wines, mostly of the '47 and '49 vintages. Perhaps the most interesting comparison was between the Chateau Lafite and Latour—an excellent opportunity for letting undergraduates observe the differing characteristics of these two great first growths of Pauillac. A tasting of sherry and madeira—in the case of the latter, two very fine wines bottled to celebrate the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.—was the prelude to an excellent buffet lunch provided by the College.

With the price of good wines standing as high as it does in restaurants in these money-tight days, tastings such as this offer one of the few opportunities for undergraduates to form their own opinions on this subject. I am glad to be able to record that both Universities have now flourishing branches of the Wine and Food Society—Oxford, of course, having led the field.

At lunch recently, a well-known expert on wines was deploring the extravagant language, which verges on absurdity, used by some of his colleagues in this field.

This type of thing is not, however, confined to the language of wine. Lunching recently at a famous hotel in the Strand I asked the waiter what "Le Baby Pauillac du Pays Rôti Persillé Boulangère au Romarin" could possibly be.

"Lamb, sir, and it's off!" was the reply.

Intimidated by this, I did not dare to ask what the dish, "Le Bitock Smitane aux Œufs Miroir Marguerite Valentin de Faust," might be—for fear that it might be "hash" and "on"!

I remain, like stout Cortez' followers, in a state of wild surmise.

Still, it is an honourable tradition. At one famous hotel before the war, the chef, who used to write letters to the papers signed "Maître Baptiste D'Estournel, Maître Chef des Cuisines," was, I believe, in private life a Mr. Fred Ebbles.

EGGS OFF THE RATION!

Bushy — by Hargrove

I HAVE recently been taught a severe lesson. This is the importance, if you are taking children to a children's party, of dropping them there on time. The cruelty which can be inflicted on the host if you don't is great.

Recently I was host to a number of infants of ages ranging from six to eight. They were bidden for four o'clock, but owing to the lateness of a friend in delivering two of his children, there was an appalling hiatus until half-past four, before we could shoot tea into them. They spent that happy half-hour in my drawing-room. Little Johnny Stout picked up a favourite piece of Chelsea pottery and made as if to crown little Johnny Thin with it. And little Johnny Thin in his turn was amusing himself (in the intervals of pulling the hair of the little girls of the party) by sliding along the newly-polished parquet floor in rubber soles. The noise was unbelievable. There came a blessed moment when finally all the party were assembled and they started eating. Silence reigned for at least half an hour.

One curious phenomenon which I have observed before is that children can get "cake-drunk." One small boy, who had descended on a plate of chocolate éclairs like a hawk among day-old chicks, showed all the signs of intoxication—a vacuous grin, glazed eyes, hiccups and, when he rose from the table, a perceptible stagger.

The capacity of the youthful stomach is, of course, incredible. I recently had occasion to take out a fourteen-year-old relative from his school. His tea consisted of a double mushroom omelette, a plate of cakes, a plate of buttered toast, and two large ices. I fear that a junior branch of the Wine and Food Society would have little success. *Gourmets*—by courtesy of M. André Simon and others—we may become; *gourmands* we are born.

THE seriousness with which Members of Parliament take themselves nowadays was never more deliciously, if absurdly, underlined than in the decision taken between the two Whips' offices to refuse to allow sixty M.P.s to go in a group on a trip in the new Vickers Viscount. Well—supposing it *had* crashed?

On the other hand, I think that in these days of long sessions, it is a little unfair to ring up Members of Parliament at night—on the principle of letting lying dogs sleep!

In the evenings, when the Yugoslav Ambassador returns from the near-by chancellery, the day's work and the day's news from Belgrade are discussed while Madame Vera Velebit knits.

Vladimir Velebit junr. is five and Dusko is four, but no matter how busy she may be with official arrangements, Tito's hostess last week can find time for a game with them.

The World's Envoys to the Court of

DR. VLADIMIR VELEBIT.

5.—DR. VLADIMIR VELEBIT

(Ambassador from Yugoslavia)

NINE years ago, warring Londoners saw a tall, strikingly handsome, well-built colonel in foreign uniform, of a kind never previously known in this country, walking about in the West End. The wearer was Marshal Tito's first Head of Mission to Mr. Churchill, Lieut.-Colonel Vladimir Velebit

When Velebit went to see the Premier at 10, Downing Street, he felt he was representing "half-bandit Partisans." The Briton spoke most of the fifteen minutes. Velebit wanted aid for Tito's soldiers and secured promises of consideration.

The Ambassador knows London also from a subsequent stay of several months, as head of Special Mission to provide an arrangement between the Tito Cabinet and the boy King Peter's Government in London, headed by M. Subasic (now in retirement in Zagreb).

And now, since January of this year, Velebit has become Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from the Federative People's Republic of Yugoslavia.

Dr. Velebit is forty-six, looks thirty-five. Son of an Austrian, later Yugoslav, general, he was born in Zagreb, went to various schools, studied law in Zagreb University and for years earned £5 10s. a month as magistrate in the wildest parts of the Republic. He tasted one jovial little rest centre, Kicevo, on the Albanian border, where regularly for three

Outside the Embassy residence is a communal garden, where at least the Ambassador and his wife can snatch five minutes' peace from the never-ending social round.

At her desk, Madame Velebit is busy arranging visits to the wives of other envoys. Within three weeks of her arrival here she had seen twenty-two Ambassadresses.

months, snow avalanches prevented the delivery of letters and newspapers. Having achieved a peak of £7 10s. a month, Velebit resigned to go into private practice in Zagreb and lived in one room.

In 1940, Velebit, always a fervent Communist, was instructed by the Central Committee of the Yugoslav Communist Party to take a house in a safe—"safe" from observation—district outside Zagreb. He installed a radio operator and a woman assistant, spending week-ends in the place to allay suspicion. From this house, Miller's Hill, went top-secret messages from the Central Committee of the party to Moscow, Stalin, Comintern. The work involved daily risk of death had he been discovered by the officials of the ruthless dictatorship or, after Nazi occupation in April 1941, by the quisling Ustashi.

In December 1941 he was allowed by the Party to join the army (to taste periods of four months without bread or grain or vegetables, subsisting only on horse-meat). Missions followed in uniform to London, Cairo, Bari. In 1945 he helped to save us all from war between the West and Tito over the occupation of Trieste. Then Velebit monopolised the world's headlines. It was disclosed in the Tito-Stalin Notes of 1948 that he had been summarily dismissed from First Assistant Foreign Minister, following allegations by Moscow that he was a "British spy." Velebit moved to headship of Yugoslavia's slender tourism in a modest office. Then came the Legation in Rome—a cold post.

This year he is enjoying the warmer, friendlier Embassy in London, where the atmosphere was changed by his predecessor, dynamic Dr. Joza Brilej.

Vladimir and Dusko enjoy a serious conversation with one of their favourite companions, Pajo the butler, who is himself a friend of many celebrities.

Lady George Montagu-Douglas-Scott with her son, seven-year-old David Henry George. Lord George Scott is a brother of the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. As Molly Bishop, Lady George Montagu-Douglas-Scott is a well-known portrait artist and her son recently won an award in the Royal Drawing Society's Children's Academy.

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava with her son, Sheridan Frederick Terence Hamilton-Temple-Blackwood, who succeeded his father in 1945 as fifth Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. Lord Dufferin, who is fourteen years of age, is at Eton.

Lady Vivian with her son, the Hon. Nicholas Crespigny Lawrence Vivian, seventeen-year-old heir to the title of Baron Vivian. The family is one of great antiquity, and Lord Vivian is descended from the branch that resided in Cornwall, in the reign of Henry VI[illegible]

Lady Milverton with her son, the Hon. Fraser Arthur Richards, twenty-two-year-old heir to the title of Baron Milverton. The barony was created in 1947 when Lord Milverton was Governor of Nigeria, where his son is now studying farming and hopes soon to have a farm of his own.

Lady Foley with her son, Adrian Gerald, eighth Baron Foley, who succeeded to the title in 1927 at the age of four years. Lord Foley is a composer and pianist of distinction and has composed the music for a number of films.

Lady Derwent with her son, the Hon. Robin Evelyn Leo Vanden-Bempde-Johnstone, twenty-two-year-old heir to the title of Baron Derwent. Lord Derwent is the fourth Baron and sixth Baronet. His son plans a diplomatic career and is studying at Cambridge.

MOTHERS AND SONS

Photographed by Yevonde.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Bassano.

Youth and Beauty

LADY JANE VANE-TEMPEST-STEWART

Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart is the daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry, and sister of Viscount Castlereagh. She comes of age in August. This will be a very full year for this lovely young girl, as in May, when her father becomes Mayor of Durham, she will be his Mayoress and in June she will be one of the Maids of Honour to her Majesty the Queen at the Coronation.

The Marchioness of Cambridge, president of the Ball Committee, *left*, and Lady Rosemary Rubens, chairman, received the guests.

The Pied Piper Ball

On March 12th, the fifth and highly successful Pied Piper Ball in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. was held at the Hyde Park Hotel. The programme for the evening included a hilarious cabaret by *The Traffic Lights*, ex-members of Cambridge's amateur dramatic club, *The Footlights*.

There was a raffle with really novel prizes that ranged from a case of beer to a voucher for a permanent wave. Lucky number programmes, too, brought some wonderful prizes, as did the well-organised tombola. Proceeds from all these sources were for the N.S.P.C.C.

Lady Cambridge, whose beautiful diamond-and-pearl tiara was much admired, brought a party, as did Lady Rosemary Rubens and her sister, Lady Kathleen Seyfried. Lady Gibson, vice-chairman of the committee and of the Chelsea N.S.P.C.C., was joined at her table by her daughters, Mrs. Anthony Greenly and Mrs. Pollock-McCall, and their husbands. She was wearing a lovely sequinned mauve dress ; Lady Gibson and Mrs. Greenly were in black velvet, and Lady Rose Bligh, who has been called the débutante of the year, wore a ballet-length dress of pale pink net with an overskirt of black lace.

In the party, too, were Mr. Thomas Barnard, Mr. Simon Emmett, Mr. Nicholas Phipps, nephew of the Duchess of Gloucester, and his cousin, Miss Gillian Cecil. Lady Ranfurly, who sold forty-seven tickets to the Ball, was exchanging " sales-talk " with Lady Rose Bligh, who has so far sold thirty-six tickets to the débutantes' dress show on April 15th at the Berkeley, on behalf of the N.S.P.C.C.

Mrs. Pollock-McCall wore a lovely brocade dress in a delicate shade of yellow. She and her husband, Major Pollock-McCall, came down from Perth especially for the Ball, and went back the next night after spending the day at Sandown.

Two of Dior's recent fashion tips which were well in evidence were those delightful little touches of dainty sprays on one hip matching a spray at the nape of the neck. But the ladies did not have it all their own way. Mr. Nicholas Phipps was right up to the minute with the latest fashion in natty waistcoats, not to mention those much-talked-of patent-leather " sneakers."

Specially photographed for " THE SKETCH " by George Konig.

Guests at the Ball made an enthusiastic and highly appreciative audience for the cabaret put on by a group of clever young men, late of Cambridge University, who have now " graduated " in more senses than one, and call themselves *The Traffic Lights.*

Enjoying a respite from the dancing are, *l. to r.*, Mr. Clive Allen, Miss Jennifer Cameron, Miss Gillian Mary Osborne and Mr. Tony Elliott.

Miss Gillian Cecil, *left*, niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, shares a joke with Mr. Julian Byng, Miss Hilary Power and Mr. Peter Wise.

One of the lucky couples at the tombola were Mr. Geoffrey Carroll and Miss Susan Rogers, here seen, *right*, receiving their prize from Mrs. Ernest Butten, who ran the tombola with Mrs. D'Abo, Mrs. Guy Edmiston, Miss Rosemary Norrie and Mrs. Denys Wrey.

Mr. Michael Butten, *left*, and Mr. Hugh Norton buying their programmes from pretty sellers Miss Jane Cox, *centre*, and Miss Mary Glyn. Proceeds from the sales were, of course, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C.

Supper was served at midnight, and here, waiting to be served, are *l. to r.*, Miss Ursula Fox Pitt, Mr. Timothy Boyd Wilson, Miss Jean Blake, Mr. Henry Palmer, Miss Julia Bedford and Mr. Jeremy Bradshaw-Smith.

Miss Rosemary Forbes was dancing with Mr. Robin Leigh Pemberton.

Together on the dance-floor here are attractive Mrs. Geoffrey Ellert and Mr. Jerry Harman.

Miss Ann Bridges Webb was enjoying the dance with her partner, Mr. Everard de Lisle.

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FATAL WOMAN. By Patrick Quentin. (*Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

IF *Troy Chimneys*, by Margaret Kennedy, is a period piece, it is so incidentally. Lately there have been so many novels set in Georgian or Regency times which are nothing *but* period pieces, which are so painfully self-conscious about their bits of colour, their carefully dated dialogue, their well-documented background, that it is a particular pleasure to find an author moving so comfortably and naturally through the past as Miss Kennedy. Miles Lufton, her protagonist, is a young man of dual personality, and is quite, though not tediously, aware of the fact. There is in him Miles the dreamy idealist and "Pronto" (his nickname) the go-getter, the Member of Parliament, the careerist. These two reach a sort of compromise, but the whole man, as he tells his own story in a journal written during illness, is seen to fail in life through lack of whole-heartedness, the result of his warring selves. Most of all he fails in personal relationships, for Miles and Pronto simply cannot agree about men and women. Lufton is the son of a country parson. He bitterly resents his own poverty and in associating with people of property is perpetually conscious of his lack of it. He is resolved to rise to wealth and position and Troy Chimneys, the house that he buys in Wiltshire, becomes a symbol of his aspirations, though in his brief life he is never in a position to occupy it. His end, indeed his life, is tragic, though this book succeeds somehow in escaping the grey and morbid and leaves the reader happier for having made the acquaintance of its characters. It is a trifle too urbane and soigné perhaps, and one begins to feel the need of at least a crude moment or two, but Miss Kennedy's skill results in a remarkably smooth and distinguished novel. the insufferable Colonel Biestley, the art-dealer McWhirter, the hefty Madame Mazeaud, are not the mere comic cut-outs that one would suppose, but people of sometimes weak flesh and warm blood with understandable motives and quite deeply-realised characters. This is not perhaps a profound or even an important book, but I must say frankly that I loved it.

THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND

My dear Editor,

Before the last World War the Royal Literary Fund was helped to maintain its financial stability by the subscriptions and donations, often very generous, at its annual Dinner. These dinners ended, inevitably, in 1939. Their revival would entail such greatly increased expense as to make the Committee feel that a better method will be by direct appeal to those who are—or should be—specially interested: the authors, publishers, booksellers, agents, and the general reading public.

The purposes and value of the Royal Literary Fund are too well known, after one hundred and sixty years of splendid work, to need elaboration. It assists authors who have deserved well of literature and pursue it as their profession, who have fallen on evil days. The merit of an author is often much at variance with his or her financial recompense. That is probably truer to-day than ever ; it is, at any rate, continually being proved by the facts of the very hard cases the Committee has to consider. Moreover, the value of money is greatly depreciated, and larger grants have to be made to meet absolute necessities. The times, as we all know, are difficult, but here in the Royal Literary Fund exists an unimpeachable agency of relief. Its regularly subscribing members are far fewer than the number of those who make up the great profession of literature would suggest.

Will you not become a Member? To qualify, the minimum subscription is a guinea or upwards for three successive years, whilst a donation of £10 or upwards constitutes the donor a Life Member, but it is hoped that you will continue to subscribe regularly. And, please, if possible, by Banker's Order. And will you not enter into a Covenant which enables the Fund to recover income-tax?

Stationers' Hall, London, E.C.4. *March 1953.*

LORD GORELL, C.B.E., M.C., *President.*

MORE than one good story has been made from a storm in a teacup, but Mr. George Millar in *Siesta* writes one which runs to nearly 400 pages without the suspicion of a yawn in them. When I first realised that this large novel was to be the prolongation of a joke, it was with the direst apprehensions, but I was soon captivated and not only could not put the book down, as they say, but, more remarkable, could not skip a paragraph. A retired Admiral, gruesomely well-meaning, drops into an exhibition of paintings by a young man from the small country town in which he lives and is horrified, disgusted, infuriated and subconsciously a little thrilled to find that one of them, a voluptuous nude, is recognisable as the wife of his respected friend, Wing Commander Humphrey Travers, D.S.O., D.F.C., another Medbury resident. "Must act!" he says, and so sets in motion a disturbed wasps' nest of intrigue, malice, self-delusion and general pother which is the matter of this gay and witty book. The people concerned, the artist himself and his mother, the woman portrayed and her husband,

IT is not easy, or perhaps necessary, to classify Mr. James Hanley's *Don Quixote Drowned.* It consists of one short story classical in form, two character sketches, a chapter of autobiography, a ship's obituary and a long essay running to more than half the book called "Anatomy of Llangyllwch," in which the author presents the place he has chosen as a home and the people he knows and likes there. Every piece is touched with the distinctive sharpness and power which have always characterised Mr. Hanley's work. He uses words with piercing effect yet effortlessly, his scenes are harshly vivid and in this book he gives evidence of a sly, almost shame-faced, sense of humour. The short story, which records the loss overboard of a detestable man who has outraged everyone's sense of decency and self-respect, is made quite painfully dramatic by a boy's unwitting insight into the man's secret life. It is a masterly piece of writing. He writes of Wales and the Welsh with insight and affection, seeing them after his twenty years among them with the interest of a stranger in the land.

A NEW detective story is what the publishers call *Fatal Woman*, by Patrick Quentin, but I find it a story which could stand on its own, as it were, without the added interest of a problem to be solved. A successful theatrical producer, deeply in love with his actress wife, during her absence rashly lends his study to a young woman who is trying to make her way as a writer. This Nanny Ordway is both mad and bad and, after deliberately setting a trail of false evidence to suggest that she had been living with Peter Duluth, she is found dead, hanging in his bedroom. For Peter a time of nightmare ensues. First he is only concerned with convincing his wife that there had been nothing between him and the girl, but soon he believes himself suspected of murdering her, and the efficient and seemingly hostile Inspector Barnes says nothing to relieve his anxiety. The tension here is quite overpowering, for Peter Duluth, in trying to extricate himself from suspicion, finds more facts which seem to implicate him, and even his wife, who wants to be on his side, leaves him for a time. Very cleverly Mr. Quentin makes every reader feel that this cruel combination of circumstances could happen to him, bringing home Peter's danger and distress without underlining them with sensational improbabilities. It all comes right in the end, of course, and the solution is as unexpected as it could be with so few suspects.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

GUY RENTON.
By Alec Waugh. (*Cassell ; 12s. 6d.*)

VANITY ROW.
By W. R. Burnett. (*Macdonald ; 9s. 6d.*)

MRS. MARTELL.
By Elizabeth Scott. (*Cassell ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE LEAVES OF THE TREE.
By Eiluned Lewis. (*Peter Davies ; 12s. 6d.*)

THE SOJOURNER.
By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. (*Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)

TWO OR THREE MUSES.
The Memoirs of Misia Sert. Translated from the French by Moura Budberg. (*Museum Press ; 18s.*)

THE QUEEN'S HOUSE
By Compton Mackenzie. (*Hutchinson ; 12s. 6d.*)
A lively commentary with a collection of detailed photographs of interiors and exteriors.

GOOD LUCK TO THE CORPSE.
By Max Murray. (*Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.*)
Another of this author's smart and breezy murder stories, set in the South of France. Love, lucre and a good mystery.

CHATHAM.
By J. H. Plumb. (*Collins ; 7s. 6d.*)
A new volume in the useful "Brief Lives" series. Mr. Plumb does a most difficult thing—he condenses a vast amount of material without loss of proportion or interest.

ROCK WALL AND WATER.
(*Studio ; 18s.*)
This is the fourth in the Studio's series of annual volumes, Gardens and Gardening. The illustrations are as usual first-rate, and the text consists of seven chapters by experts.

THE EARLY VICTORIAN WOMAN.
By Janet Dunbar. (*Harrap ; 15s.*)
This is by no means the scissors-and-paste book which such themes usually produce. It is written with uncommon sagacity and spirit, and shows the Englishwoman of a century ago in almost every posture, mental and physical.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

ROBERT DONAT AT THE OLD VIC

When the Robert Helpmann production of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* opens next Tuesday (March 31st) theatregoers will have their first-ever opportunity of seeing Robert Donat at the Old Vic. A troublesome asthmatic complaint has kept Mr. Donat out of the theatre for some years—his last appearance was in *A Sleeping Clergyman* at the Criterion in 1947—and this is a rare opportunity of welcoming back, in a rôle worthy of his talents, an actor of the highest distinction who has played fewer than half a dozen parts on the London stage in the last decade. In 1939, Mr. Donat was on tour with the Old Vic Company, playing Romeo to the Juliet of Constance Cummings, but war prevented the play from reaching the Old Vic itself. Mr. Donat is to play Becket in this production, the run of which will be limited to five weeks, the final performance being on Saturday, May 2nd.

MARCH 5. — The Queen went to Cheltenham to watch the race for the Gold Cup, won by the Irish owned and trained horse *Knock Hard*. She is seen here in the paddock with Lord Willoughby de Broke.

MARCH 6. — The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester paid a visit to the Tea Centre, in Regent Street, to view an exhibition of Coronation souvenirs and seemed particularly interested in the glass section.

MARCH 10 and 11.—*Left:* The Duke of Gloucester arriving with the Lady Mayoress, Lady de la Bere, at the twenty-first anniversary dinner of the British Schools Exploring Society at the Mansion House. *Right:* The Duke and Duchess attended the wedding of Miss Bridget Floyd and Mr. Edward Aubrey-Fletcher at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

MARCH 11. — The Duke of Windsor and his sister, the Princess Royal, arrived at Southampton from New York in the *Queen Elizabeth* to visit their mother, Queen Mary, whose health recently has been causing a great deal of concern.

MARCH 13.—Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited the Whitechapel Art Gallery to see an exhibition of Turner paintings. She was escorted by the gallery director, Mr. Robertson.

MARCH 14.—The Queen was accompanied by Sir Humphrey de Trafford during her visit to Sandown Park to see the race for the Imperial Cup.

Occasions From

MARCH 7.—The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the Navy *v.* Army Rugby match at Twickenham and were introduced to the players before the kick-off. The Army won the game by 3 points to nil.

MARCH 7.—The Duchess of Gloucester, as Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, accepted the Freedom of the Royal Burgh of Dumfries on behalf of the regiment. In this picture, she is signing the Burgess Roll.

MARCH 11.—The Queen visited the exhibition of portraits of Kings and Queens at the Royal Academy. Her Majesty, who has herself loaned the largest number of exhibits to the show, is examining the famous Winterhalter painting of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and their children.

MARCH 12.—The Duke of Edinburgh, always news himself, visited Fleet Street, the home of news, and displayed great interest as he watched a photograph of himself taken on his arrival at the Press Association being transmitted by radio to newspapers throughout the country.

MARCH 17.—The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh gave a luncheon party for President Tito of Yugoslavia at which Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were also present. This photograph was taken in the Palace Picture Gallery.

MARCH 17.—The Duke of Edinburgh left London in a *Viking* aircraft of the Queen's Flight to make a four-day visit to the Services in the British Zone of Germany. He was seen off at London Airport by Sir John D'Albiac.

the Royal Diary

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

The Merchant of Venice

(Stratford-upon-Avon)

I WAS sorry that Denis Carey did not take a call on the first night of the new Stratford season. He is an expert Shakespearean, and his production of *The Merchant* proved it in several ways. I remember hardly anything more exciting in a Trial Scene than the moment, in this revival, when Portia—at "Tarry a little; there is something else"—throws herself protectively between Antonio and Shylock's raised knife, with her arms outspread. Nothing new, you say; but see it at Stratford, as produced by Carey, with Michael Redgrave lunging forward wolfishly and Peggy Ashcroft facing him in triumphant defiance.

This proves, I think, that Shylock, Portia and Antonio have been established by the three players as well as by the dramatist. Sometimes we have had to take the dramatist's word; we have been moved less by the quality of the acting than by Shakespeare's contrivance. But at Stratford the three do live: Michael Redgrave's Shylock, a combination of old-clo' man and fierce prophet of Israel; Peggy Ashcroft's Portia, a lady of Belmont with both heart and mind; Harry Andrews, a "royal merchant." For me it is Miss Ashcroft's evening. She is quieter than many Portias: there is never any effort to force the gaiety, press the romance, purple-patch the drama. It is enchanting to watch her reaction to the suitors, the wry tact with Morocco, the carefully-concealed boredom with Arragon. And when at last the flower blossoms, when Bassanio has come and conquered, how moving it is to hear her speak: "You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand," and finally to kneel in love before "her lord, her governor, her king"! In the Trial Scene she has not the metallic confidence of some Portias. She feels her way until at last, the cause won, we hear a proud ring in her voice at "Tarry, Jew: the law has yet another hold on you."

I am less certain about the Redgrave Shylock, this proud Fagin—grey-bearded, explosively sibilant, growling—who appears in defeat to shrivel before the court. Mr. Redgrave, for all his intellectual power, must still be weighing and measuring his parts in performance. He has balances with him to weigh the flesh—I am not sure that it was a good idea to produce them like a sudden conjuring trick—and, throughout, he seems to be using invisible balances, weighing, poising, studying. Technically a masterful presentation of the "revenge Shylock," this study does not always give the prickle of excitement we expect. In the rest of the cast I like particularly Yvonne Mitchell's beautifully warm and true Jessica, Mr. Andrews' Antonio, and the Bassanio of Tony Britton. Donald Pleasence has no luck with the dreary patter of Launcelot. Finally, I spy an actor in a tiny part: Richard Martin, who, as Stephano, has here the often scamped lines:

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

That is the Shakespearean voice.

Titus Andronicus

(Cambridge Arts Theatre)

I SHALL not cease to wonder about the Restoration version of *Titus*, by Edward Ravenscroft, in which—at the end of it all—Aaron, the deadly Moor, is racked and burned in full sight of the audience. This is stoking the fires indeed. One would have thought that there was quite enough incident in the more-or-less Shakespearean play which is the least-regarded in the Folio, and, on the English stage, a most remarkable rarity.

"More-or-less Shakespearean" because no one has been able to define the authorship with certainty. Still, whatever Peele (the favourite), Marlowe, Kyd, or any of the pretenders to the throne may have contributed, Shakespeare's hand seems often to be clear. The hand of the young Shakespeare, certainly; but a man ready to add his special felicities to the most dubious basic material. When we have finished counting the horrors that on horror's head accumulate in the text of *Titus*—mutilations, executions and, at the last, cannibalism and a general massacre—we have to agree about the narrative power of the piece. The dramatist can tell his tale—in spite of comic moments now and then, as when Marcus Andronicus, at a time of some tension, observes to his brother:

My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

For the most part, the piece runs along its red road with surprising ease. We observed this in performance at Cambridge. Graduate and undergraduate players of the Marlowe Society put the old melodrama across most gallantly. There was no question of working up the terror. The anonymous Marlowe players decided to strike twelve at once, and to go on striking it, and I think they were right to attack in this way. True, only two or three characters were fully developed: even so, none was let down by tame under-playing. If the actor of Aaron the Moor did not encompass the man's fiendish cruelty, no player I have met for a long while has yielded with more grace to being flung down steps, coshed, punched to his knees, and hurled into the orchestral well.

Tamora of the Goths, tigress of Imperial Rome, is not a part for a young actress, though at Cambridge there was a desperate attempt. I shall remember best the Saturninus, who had the right stabbing venom—it is a grandly theatrical part—and the Titus, who kept away from monotony. The play is hot coal in the mind. Although the Marlowe Society, after acting *Titus* for two hours without a break, went on later to Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, that wild romance (with its fresh, flowering verse) is already faint while *Titus* burns still in memory.

★ Many collectors went to Cambridge for the occasion. It is a great year, for during the summer Sir Barry Jackson is doing the first part of *Henry the Sixth* at Birmingham: when I have seen this I shall have met in the theatre all of the plays in the Folio (and *Pericles* besides). Collectors who start after this year may long envy the rare fortune of 1953.

A DOUBLE EVENT

By a very strange coincidence, *Titus Andronicus*—the least-staged of all Shakespeare's plays—has been produced twice within a week. On this page Mr. Trewin, our Drama Critic, reviews a revival at Cambridge (a picture of which appears opposite). He himself, with Wilfrid Grantham, had made a radio adaptation of the play that has now been broadcast twice in the Third Programme. This was especially interesting, because it brought together again Wilfrid Walter and George Hayes, who were the Titus and the Aaron of the celebrated Old Vic revival of 1923. Sonia Dresdel was the radio Tamora; and Mr. Grantham, who produced, had the cunning idea of allotting the "narration" to a grown-up Aaron the Younger, who in the drama appears only as a new-born black child:

> Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
> As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."

Titus Andronicus is the one play that has not been performed yet at Shakespeare's own Stratford-upon-Avon. It was to have been done in the fiftieth year of the Festival (1929), when both Mr. Walter and Mr. Hayes were members of the Company at the Temporary Theatre; but the management decided finally to revive *Much Ado About Nothing.* So Stratford is still waiting for a performance.

PRESENT AND FUTURE

THE main news in the theatre is the decision of Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh to abandon their revival of *The Admirable Crichton* and to appear in a new light comedy by Terence Rattigan. This is called *The Sleeping Prince.* Directed by Alfred Lunt, with décor by Roger Furse, it begins an unrestricted run at the St. James's Theatre at the end of May, under the joint management of H. M. Tennent, Ltd., and Laurence Olivier Productions, Ltd. Sir Laurence is the Prince Regent of a Balkan country who is visiting London at the time of the 1911 Coronation, and Vivien Leigh appears as an American musical-comedy actress.

MR. GREENE

It has now been decided that Graham Greene's first play, *The Living Room,* will open at Wyndham's (under the management of Donald Albery) on Thursday, April 16th. The cast will include Eric Portman, Mary Jerrold, Valerie Taylor, John Robinson, Violet Farebrother and Dorothy Tutin. Peter Glenville produces.

NOT A DRAMA

In spite of its title and its setting (a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany), *Stalag 17,* which opens—under Jack Hylton and Sam Byrd—at the Princes to-morrow (March 26th), is not a drama. It is, indeed, a comedy with an unexpected "whodunit" theme; a run of fifty-eight weeks in New York speaks well for it. Donald Bevan and Edmund Trzcinski are the authors; Burford Armitage produces; and three members of the original American company are in the cast.

HELEN AND MAGNUS

Diana Wynyard will be Helen, and Cecil Parker Menelaus, in *The Private Life of Helen,* Arthur Macrae's version of a Paris success based upon John Erskine's novel: a pre-London tour opens at Brighton on March 30th. Another important event is the Tennent revival of Shaw's *The Apple Cart* (Haymarket, week commencing May 4th), with Noël Coward as Magnus, Margaret Leighton as Orinthia, Margaret Rawlings as Lysistrata, and Cecil Trouncer as Vanhattan. *Waters of the Moon* ends a two-year run on May 2nd.

GETTING AROUND

Yolande Donlan and Naunton Wayne open in Val Guest's comedy, *Red-Headed Blonde* (presented by Jack de Leon), at the Vaudeville on April 1st. . . . Brian Reece will return to the "legitimate" theatre in *The Seven-Year Itch,* an American comedy by George Axelrod. . . . Max Adrian and Moyra Fraser will lead the coming Laurier Lister revue, *Airs on a Shoestring*; and Cyril Ritchard and Diana Churchill the Stephen Mitchell revue, *High Spirits.* . . . Fred Emney will have the leading part in a new British musical comedy (Hylton management), *Happy as a King.* . . . Robert Helpmann will produce *Murder in the Cathedral* (Old Vic, March 31st) in place of Michael Benthall, who has been severely ill.

Titus Andronicus, least-known of Shakespeare's tragedies, is a great rarity on the stage. In this scene from the Cambridge Marlowe Society's production, Marcus Andronicus shows his tongueless and handless niece, Lavinia, how to write the names of her mutilators by guiding a staff in the sand with her foot. From *left to right*: Young Lucius (*kneeling*), Titus Andronicus, Lavinia, Marcus Andronicus; the Marlowe players are anonymous.

The anonymous young actors (largely undergraduate) of the Marlowe Society also acted Robert Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, a romantic play by one of the young Shakespeare's contemporaries. In this passage Edward, Prince of Wales (*left, with poniard*), is quarrelling with Lacy, Earl of Lincoln (*right*) over the love of Margaret, "the maid of Fressingfield." Edward: "Lacy, thou canst shroud thy traitorous thoughts, nor cover, as did Cassius, all thy wiles."

COLLECTORS' NIGHT AT CAMBRIDGE

Photographed specially for "THE SKETCH" by Ramsey and Muspratt.

TO CARRY THE GOLDEN SPUR

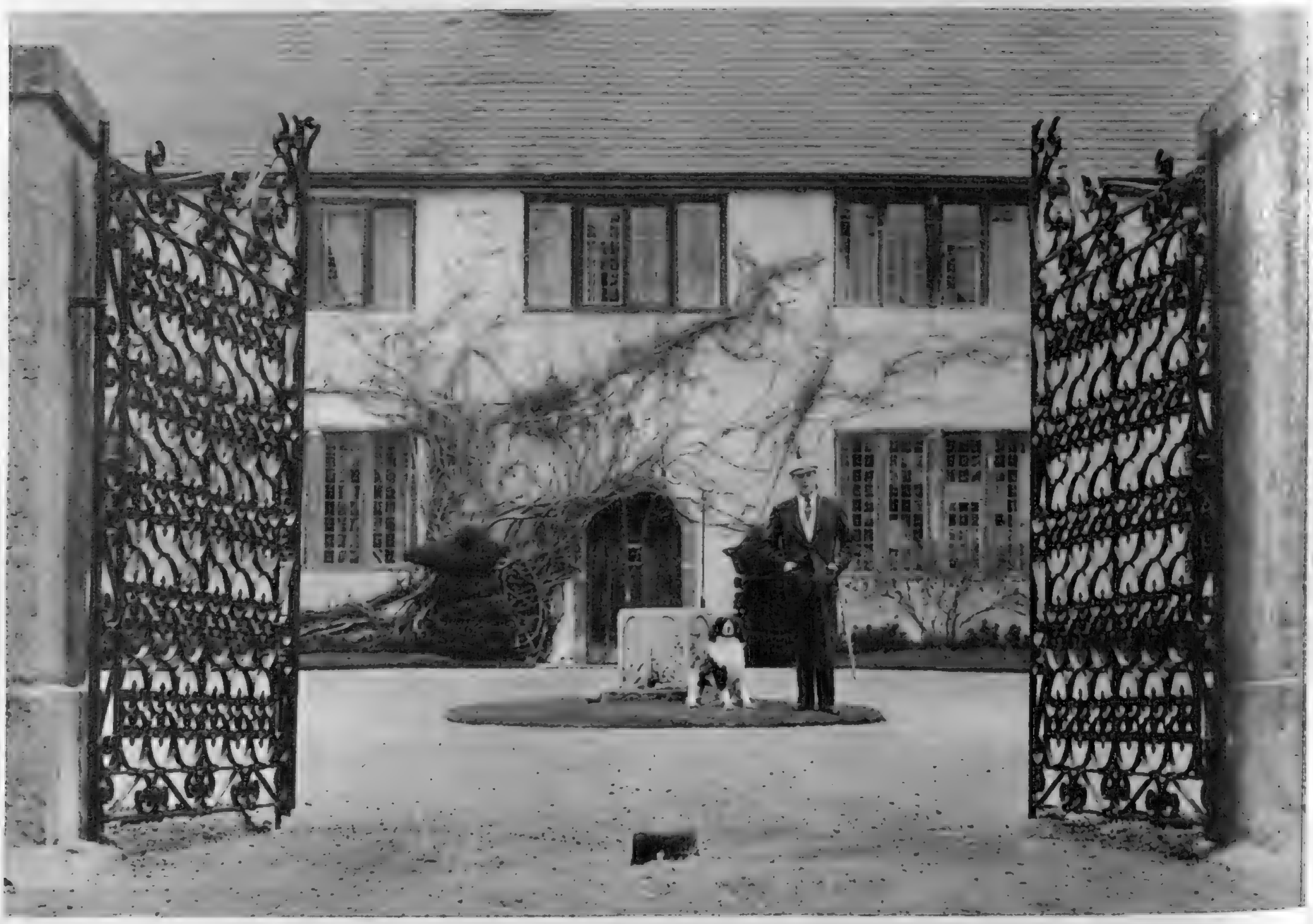
When Richard Francis Roger Yarde-Buller, 6th Baronet and 4th Baron Churston, carries one of the St. George's Golden Spurs (Lord Hastings will carry the other) at the Coronation on June 2nd, he will be performing the service which has been a privilege of his ancestors for many centuries, and which he himself performed at the Coronation of King George VI.

The Golden Spurs, like most of the regalia which will be in use on June 2nd, were made for the Coronation of Charles II., and are described in historical records as "symbols of Knightly Chivalry." They are of solid gold with straps of gold-embroidered crimson velvet, and in design conform to the old pre-Norman type, having a single point instead of a rowel at the heel.

When a king is crowned, the Spurs are touched against his heels during the ceremony; the Queen, however, will touch them with her hands.

Tall, handsome, diffident but charming, the forty-three-year-old Lord Churston will certainly add to the distinguished assembly at the Coronation. He spent most of the war at sea in anti-submarine service, and was a Lieutenant-Commander when he left the Navy. To-day, he is an underwriter at Lloyd's. Lord and Lady Churston spend their time looking after their South Devon estate, where our photographs were taken. They live in the old dower-house, Churston Court, a lovely old place built long before the days of the first Elizabeth. There is a fine pre-Reformation church near by—and there is also a popular eighteen-hole golf course, to add a modern touch.

Lord Churston has one unusual hobby that he must find very useful—he grows his own tobacco—but the exciseman limits him to growing no more than 25 lb. a year.



DIRECTING AT STRATFORD IN CORONATION YEAR

Glen Byam Shaw (above) is co-director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, where the 1953 season opened last week (March 17th) with *The Merchant of Venice*. Since the other co-director, Anthony Quayle, is now touring New Zealand and Australia with one Stratford Company, the responsibility for the Memorial Theatre's thirty-three-week Coronation season rests with Mr. Shaw, whose company headed by Peggy Ashcroft, Michael Redgrave, Marius Goring and Yvonne Mitchell will be playing to something like 360,000 people during the year. Mr. Shaw is himself producing two of the five plays to be presented: *Richard III.*, which had its opening performance last night (March 24th), and *Antony and Cleopatra*. An actor of wide experience, Mr. Shaw has, in recent years, devoted his time to directing and has achieved a reputation for clear vigorous work with no frills. Before his appointment to Stratford he was director of the Old Vic. He is married to Angela Baddeley.

ELIZABETH I. (1558–1603) This pen and wash portrait is the work of Isaac Oliver (1556-1617). It is in brown ink and grey wash.

MARY II. (1688–1694) Oil on canvas portrait of Mary II., wife of William of Orange, painted by William Wissing in 1685, when she was Princess of Orange.

ANNE. (1702–1714) John Riley's portrait of Queen Anne was painted in 1687, fifteen years before her accession.

VICTORIA. (1837–1901) Portrait in oils by Bertha Müller, after Heinrich von Angeli, painted in 1899.

QUEENS REGNANT OF ENGLAND: F

(From the KINGS AND QUEENS exhibition o

ELIZABETH II. Sir Oswald Birley's fine portrait shows her Majesty, then Princess Elizabeth, in Garter robes, with a view of Windsor in the background. It is one of a pair, the other being of the Duke of Edinburgh, also in Garter robes.

FROM ELIZABETH I. TO ELIZABETH II.

how at the Royal Academy until the end of June)

Photographed by Bassano.

VIRGINIA McKENNA

Lovely Virginia McKenna, talented daughter of talented mother Anne de Nys, pianist and composer, plays the part of Julie Hallam in *The Cruel Sea*, to be premièred at the Leicester Square Theatre to-morrow (March 26th). Miss McKenna was born in London, and was educated in Cape Town, where she made her first stage appearance in ballet in 1943, later returning to London to attend the Central School of Speech Training. (Pictures from *The Cruel Sea* appear on page 277 of this issue.)

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

The Jockey Club Bi-Centenary

DEMOCRACY has been called the greatest common factor of the greatest common envy. Cynics may dispute the fact by retorting that democracy is merely a state in which you say what you like, but do what you 're told. Be that as it may. In the world of sport it is an indisputable fact that the Jockey Club is the greatest common factor of the greatest common envy.

The bi-centenary of this institution is indeed worthy of comment. One very good reason is that so few people know anything about it. As long ago as 1777 a writer said that " it modestly turns its back upon the street, as if to shun the public view in silent retirement." I looked at the buildings a few days ago. It would be difficult to improve on the description. The Jockey Club is extremely conscious of its position as the ultimate authority of the racing world. It is conservative, exclusive and dignified.

Personally, I couldn't care less what it looks like outside. I am far more interested in the interior. To anyone who is sensitive to tradition, the place is teeming with associations. Take, for instance, "The Whip." It is alleged to have been given by Charles II. An unusual feature about it is the wristband which was woven from hairs taken from the tail of *Eclipse*. A hoof mounted on a gold salver is a companion relic presented by William IV. In themselves they are trifles, yet they preserve a link with the most celebrated horse in the history of the English Turf.

When I see them I like to think of a certain night two centuries ago on the Duke of Cumberland's breeding establishment at Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Great Park. It was the night of the great eclipse of 1764. A night that had the country folk uneasy and apprehensive. During it, a mare foaled, and, not unexpectedly, the youngster was named *Eclipse*. The horse was not run in public until the age of five. A salesman bought him as a yearling in Leadenhall Market for 75 guineas.

He won his first race in May 1769 . . . the commencement of a racing career in which he was never beaten, or even extended. Those Irishmen who are wondering whether it was wise to buy *Tulyar* for a sum that is not mentioned in Lent can take heart from the following statistics. At stud *Eclipse* was the sire of 335 winners, who won approximately £160,000 in stakes alone between the years 1774 and 1796. Fees from the horse's services as a stallion brought close on £25,000. In direct descent, a yearling filly realised 10,000 guineas . . . a racehorse in training was bought for £39,375 . . . and two sires produced stock that won over half-a-million sterling. No other English horse can claim such a record.

Jockeys F. Winter (*left*) and D. Smith inspecting the photographic exhibition at the luncheon at the Savoy Hotel on March 17th, to mark the bi-centenary of the Jockey Club.

Another whip recalls the magnetic hands of Fred Archer—hands that guided 2748 mounts past the winning-post. I like to think that this was the whip that delivered those two ugly welts 50 yards from the post and goaded *Melton* to snatch the Derby from *Paradox*. But mental pictures soon give way to the genuine paintings that hang on the walls, where, in a few minutes, you range from the days when jockeys rode with long leathers to the present pulled-up stirrups.

If I had to pin-point one canvas, I should plump for the painting by John Wotton. His subject was the dour puritanical gentleman named Tregonwell Frampton, the " Keeper of the Running Horses to their Sacred Majesties " during the reign of William and Mary, and trainer to Queen Anne, George I. and George II. Had I to write his epitaph, I would have immortalised him as the first professional trainer and an intense woman-hater.

I find it difficult to visualise the part that Newmarket once played in the affairs of State. The streets are hardly romantic. No doubt it is a wealthy town, but, on the surface, it is dull and pedestrian. A few minutes' walk by the shops in an afternoon makes it hard to believe Macaulay's words: " It was not uncommon for the whole Court and Cabinet to go down there, posting in a single day."

When Charles I. was reigning, Newmarket was literally the administrative capital of England. The streets then were alive with colour. I can do no better than re-quote Macaulay: " Jewellers, milliners, players and fiddlers, venal wits and venal beauties, learned doctors from Cambridge and fox-hunting squires with their rosy-cheeked daughters." Life in Newmarket in those days was far from dull.

Even Farouk would have been happy in the gambling-salon of the Duchess of Mazarin. It was accepted as an integral part of Court life and was noted for the attractiveness of this niece of Cardinal Mazarin. A rival attraction was the gambling-house run by Lady Castlemaine, another royal mistress of remarkable beauty. Pepys commented on it when he wrote in 1668: " I was told to-night that my Lady Castlemaine is so great a gamester as to have won £15,000 in one night, and lost £25,000 in another night, at play; and hath played £1000 or £1500 at a cast."

I am afraid that anyone who wants entertainment on such a scale has arrived three centuries too late, yet I can take anyone to a part of Newmarket that has never changed. Walk on the Lime Kilns in an early morning mist . . . a string of dainty-stepping thoroughbreds with foam-flecked bits emerge with smooth, sweeping strides . . . the most graceful creatures in the world. They melt into the silence, leaving behind festoons of breath in the morning air.

Value for Money

After the recent Tommy Farr *versus* Don Cockell fight, I heard a fistic fan complain that you never get your money's-worth at a fight nowadays. I find it difficult to know what this gentleman really expected for ticket-money. Anything less than a bull-fight would probably seem dull, but if non-stop action and plenty of blood were the ingredients, then I know the answer.

I found it on a fairground. An ordinary, dirty, grimy fairground. The profanity of the booths had their usual appeal. I was invited to believe the unbelievable. I succeeded. Obesity and freakishness was the norm. The key to everything was one shilling. It was amazing what it could do. It admitted me into the presence of a lusty fellow who was eager to take on all-comers. Forty shillings went to any man who was still on his feet after six rounds. If the booth-man was knocked out, the challenger received five pounds.

A Semitic gentleman informed me that I would get three fights for the price of one shilling. How right he was. Inside the tent had been erected a ring. The grass was dewy with sweat. In a few minutes there was action and blood galore. Naked bodies were tattooed pink with vicious punches. The booth-man was hard pressed, but it was the challenger who tired in the last round. He reeled and staggered about. His face looked pulverised. An advantage of two stone made the other boxer over-confident. He walked into flailing punches born of desperation.

He crumpled and went down. The crowd took up the count . . . five, six, seven . . . over his body. I never thought he would rise, but he staggered to his feet like a drunken man. The challenger was too far gone to take advantage. A woman near me shrieked . . . " Stop messin' abaht; 'it 'im ! " It needed more than words to straighten the sagging mouth and thickened lips. The gong went. Forty shillings had been earned the hard way. The customers were satisfied—which is more than could be said after the Cartier-Turpin fiasco at Earls Court.

Criticism

A correspondent was recently kind enough to suggest that I was biased in my views about women in sport . . . that I adopted a patronising attitude indicative of an imagined masculine superiority . . . and more of a similar vein. I hasten to set the reader's mind at rest.

I am an admirer of these gentle Amazons. Their feats are a source of constant amazement, but there are occasions when I find it difficult to determine what is the real function of women in sport. They charm, irritate, cajole, enfury and comfort with such facile ease that it is hard to pin-point an abiding quality.

I have seen women go through convulsions that had some slight resemblance to soccer. I have watched females try in vain to get a respectable grip in all-in wrestling bouts. I have been intrigued by the prowess in Olympic events of Russian women after they had satisfied medicos of their status. I have even gazed on the weaker sex trading blows in a boxing ring that would have convinced any bachelor of the wisdom of his sacrifice.

Against that, we have many graceful golfers, ice-skaters and lawn-tennis players, whilst 45,000 Wembley spectators and eleven Belgians can vouch for the brilliance of England women hockey players.

Mr. A. C. Duncan, *right*, presenting a silver salver to Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Senior Steward-Elect to the Jockey Club, at a luncheon at the Savoy on March 17th. The salver, a delightfully designed and delicately wrought George II. period piece, was given by *Sporting Life* to mark the Club's bi-centenary.

Among the well-known sporting personalities present were Lord Willoughby de Broke (*speaking*), Mr. A. B. Clements, and *right*, the Rt. Hon. Sir Rupert de la Bère, Lord Mayor of London.

Harry Carr, the Queen's jockey, standing in for Gordon Richards, who was ill, speaks of the chances of her Majesty's colt *Aureole* in the Derby.

Examining the photographs of racehorses together here are Lord Rosebery and Fred Winter, who, riding *Air Wedding* to victory on March 14th, became the first jockey ever to ride 100 winners in a National Hunt season.

Also examining the exhibition with great interest is His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, one of the many notable personalities present. For the Duke, steeped in the problems of Coronation organisation, the contemplation of these peaceful symbols of more leisurely moments must have been a pleasant interlude.

THE JOCKEY CLUB BI-CENTENARY LUNCHEON

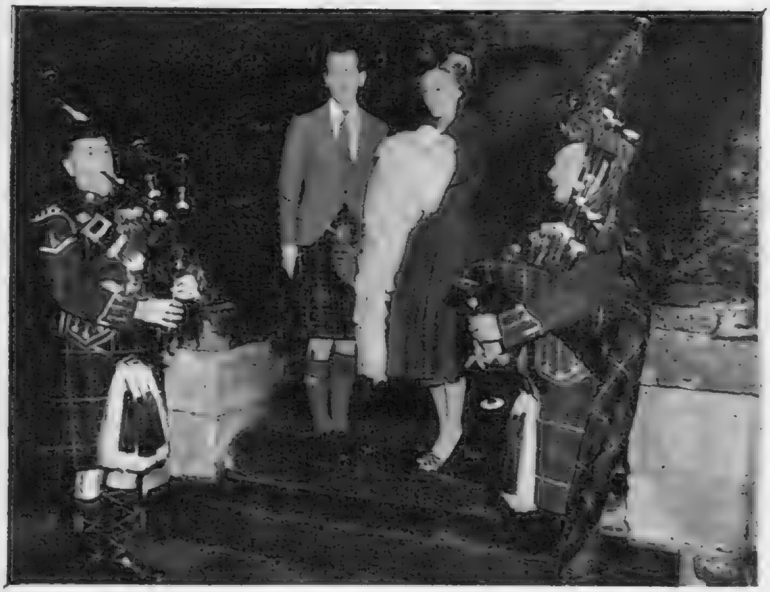
There were many notable sporting personalities present at the Savoy on March 17th, when a luncheon was held to celebrate the bi-centenary of the Jockey Club—or, at any rate, the bi-centenary of the first race veritably run under the auspices of the Jockey Club at Newmarket.

Popular Gordon Richards was to speak, but was absent with influenza. His place was taken by the Royal jockey, W. H. Carr, who spoke of the Queen's Derby hope, *Aureole*, and reminded his audience that the Royal horse has a lot of leeway to make up on two-year-old form.

MARCH 5.—LEADING IN THE WINNER. With Tim Molony up, *Knock Hard*, winner of the Cheltenham Gold Cup, is led in after the race by his owner, Mrs. M. Keogh. It was a popular all-Irish victory, *Knock Hard* being Irish owned, trained and ridden.

MARCH 6.—OLD BOYS' DINNER. (*L. to r.*) Sir Lionel Whitby, Mr. A. S. Dickinson, Col. E. St. Johnston and Wing Commander Huins at the dinner organised by the Bromsgrovian Club (the old boys' association) at Claridge's in connection with the fourth centenary celebrations of Bromsgrove School.

MARCH 7.—OVER THEY GO. The Ladies' Race at the Garth Hunt Point-to-Point at Tweseldown, Aldershot, was never in much doubt. Leading over the first fence in fine style was Miss B. Cooke, riding *Jack Hawley* (No. 6), who went on to win easily.



MARCH 8.—PIPING IN THE BABY! After his christening, David Alexander Douglas Tobias, baby son of Major and Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett, of Lomond Lodge, Arden, was "piped" up the steps to Dumbarton Castle for a reception.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

THE Piccadilly rush-hour scramble was quite outdone at Ciro's on March 3rd, where there was a tremendous crush for the opening of the Green Room Club in the basement, where the young and gay will be able to dance, drink and have snacks informally until the early hours at a moderate cost. Some of the 3000 who came along were Lord and Lady Colwyn, Lord and Lady Keyes, Lord Monk Bretton talking to Miss Jacqueline Bromley, Lady Dunboyne, and Captain de la Hey, who is Adjutant to the 2nd Battalion, Grenadier Guards. Lord Pollington drove down from Oxford and gave a lift to Mr. Desmond Guinness, Lord Moyne's son, Baron Michael de Stempel, and Mr. Clive Brewer. Mr. Robert Erskine, comfortable in sports jacket and flannels, was the only one to make it from Cambridge. Miss Susan Lockwood found somewhere to sit with Mr. Jeremy Renton. Miss Sheila Ross-Skinner, looking very bronzed, Lady June Hay, Lord Kinnoull's sister, Miss Fleur Kirwan Taylor, Lady Mary Stuart-Wortley, in a check blouse, Miss Antonia Farquhar, and Miss Elizabeth Messel, wrapped in a tartan stole, were some of the girls. Mr. Charles MacArthur Hardy, a favourite escort of debs. last season, Miss Anne Wyndham-Lewis, Mr. Julian Plowden and Sir James Scott-Douglas, just back from the South of France, were others at this party. We also saw Mr. Harold Mills emerging from the atmosphere of dry martinis into the fresh air afterwards.

Nearly 1000 people arrived for an evening party at the Tate Gallery to see the splendid Mexican Art Exhibition the day before the official opening. "The Art of Mexico," represented from 1500 B.C. to the present day, was enough to provide far more interest than could be digested in a single evening without the constant interruption of meeting friends, already making plans for a second visit. The galleries alternated between the glitter of fascinating toys, as gay as an English toyshop at Christmas, and the gloom of pictures telling of nothing but death and destruction. Sir John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate, Lady Rothenstein and Mr. Raymond Mortimer, Chairman of the Contemporary Art Society, were busy receiving guests, who included Sir Leigh and Lady Ashton, Lady Strathcona, Sir Hugo Pitman, Lord Esher, Mr. L. P. Kirwan, Director of the Royal Geographical Society, Señor Fernando Gamboa, Director of the Exhibition, and, of course,

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MARCH 10.—HAIR-STYLES IN WONDERLAND. Miss Fleur Kirwan-Taylor and Mr. David Naylor-Leyland watching the "parade of the March Hair" at the Café de Paris.

MARCH 11.—FLANKED BY BUSBIES. Mr. Edward Aubrey-Fletcher, Grenadier Guards, youngest son of Sir Henry and Lady Aubrey-Fletcher, married Miss Bridget Floyd, daughter of Sir Henry Floyd, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

MARCH 11.—HUNTER TRIALS. Miss Pat Moss looks admiringly at her horse *Tiger Lily*, which won two classes at the Old Berkeley Hunt (Vale) hunter trials at Wendover.

MARCH 13.—INSPECTING IDEAL HOMES. When Mrs. Winston Churchill and her youngest daughter, Mrs. Christopher Soames, visited the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, they were particularly interested in the Government's new houses and spent quite a lot of time examining them in detail.

MARCH 13.—GATHERING OF THE CLANS. Lord and Lady Ogilvy received the guests at the London Angus Association's Ball at the May Fair Hotel. Lord Ogilvy is President of the Association.

Our Social

the Mexican Ambassador, Señor Dr. Francisco de Icaza and his wife. We found Dr. Macrae-Gibson and Miss Hermione Thornton-Lofthouse examining what looked like a marzipan skull; another curious attraction was the reclining figure of *Chac Mool*, a rain-god, which had a receptacle carved in it like a money-box. Lord Sempill mysteriously extracted from a special white handkerchief his offering to the money-box god, which he said was to keep the rain away!

MARCH 5.—There was a pleasant air of suppressed excitement as we climbed into the special race train at Paddington *en route* for the Cheltenham Gold Cup. By the time we arrived the fog had lifted considerably, but it was possible to see only a few fences clearly. An enormous crowd pushed everywhere, making it hard work battling from the paddock to the stands between races. The Queen, walking with Lord Willoughby de Broke, came out to inspect the horses in the paddock before the Gold Cup; she looked charming in a lovely phantom-beaver coat over a blue dress, and had a neat little blue hat. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was there too; she had been there the previous day and was staying with Captain Frank and Lady Avice Spicer at Spye Park, near Chippenham. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort drove over from Badminton; they were watching from the Royal box, like Lord and Lady Grimthorpe and Lord and Lady Lewes. Also about were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Lord Westmorland, Mr. Tom Egerton and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Over from Ireland was Colonel Dan Cory, that exceptionally fine horseman, and his wife; Major and Mrs. John Batten were lunching in Mrs. Vi Kingscote's private box. *Knock Hard*, owned by Mrs. M. H. Keogh, was the winner of the Gold Cup—a very popular Irish victory. There was a thrilling finish to the Foxhunters Challenge Cup when Miss Pat Bruce's *Dunboy II.* caught up in the last few yards with Mr. Baillie's *Merry*, well ridden by Mr. Gay Kindersley, to make the verdict a dead-heat. Mr. Peter Cazalet, the Royal trainer, and his wife were inside the paddock much of the time; seen outside were Mr. David Faber, Mr. Anthony Porter, Miss Catherine Barford and Miss Rachel Davenport.

That evening a real "Olde Englishe" tavern planted itself at 52, Hyde Park Gate, when Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, Cambridge undergraduate nephew of Mr. Edward Hulton, had a belated coming-of-age dance at his uncle's house (he was twenty-one last St. Valentine's Day). The "pub," which drew lots of customers, was a converted sitting-room; dancing was in the yellow-panelled drawing-room, usually full of wonderful pictures, but most of these had been temporarily removed and replaced with gay (less expensively damageable) red flowers. Soon after dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hulton, she in black and diamonds, "arrived" in their own home; Miss Norina Stewart-Clark came all in amethyst—dress, hairband and necklace—others enjoying this lavish evening, mainly organised by Mrs. Peter Thomas, Mrs. Hulton's secretary, were Miss Jane Drummond-Hay, niece of the Duke of Hamilton; Miss Sally Churchill, summery in a striped dress; Mr. Nicholas Gordon-

MARCH 11.—TRUE AND UNITED. Also at the Old Berkeley Hunter Trials at Russell Farm, Wendover Dene, Bucks, was Miss M. O'Loughlin, seen making a splendid jump on *Victoria II.*

MARCH 11.—CELEBRATION AT THE DANISH EMBASSY. Princess Georg of Denmark (*right*) chats with three young Danish girls, Miss Hemmingsen and Miss Thomsen from Copenhagen and Miss Kjeldsen from Aalbourg, at the party given by Count Reventlow, the Danish Ambassador, to celebrate King Frederik's birthday.

MARCH 14.—AT THE ULSTER GRAND NATIONAL. Mrs. Alexander Steward (*left*) and her daughter Lady Clark watched from the members' enclosure on this opening day of the Northern Ireland racing season.

MARCH 14.—AN EYE FOR A HORSE. Lord Rosebery (*left*) and Mr. Victor North closely scrutinise the horses parading in the paddock at the Whaddon Chase Hunt Point-to-Point at Great Horwood, near Buckingham.

MARCH 14.—HOW MUCH HAVE YOU PUT ON? Miss Patricia Berners glances anxiously at her fiancé, Mr. Michael Allsop; they were spectators at the Old Berkshire Hunt Point-to-Point near Wantage.

Diary (contd.)

Lennox, Mr. Timothy Whitely, Mr. Adam Butler, Lord and Lady Dalkeith, the latter radiant in blue sequinned tulle; Mr. John Julius Cooper, son of Lord Norwich, and his pretty wife, wearing ice-blue and black; and Mr. and Mrs. Ruaraidh Hilleary; she was formerly Miss Sheena Mackintosh, the famous skier. Slightly older ones were Lord and Lady Mansfield and Lord and Lady Cranbourne. After a wonderful midnight supper in the library, everybody seemed to work up an appetite for bacon and eggs at 3.30 a.m.

MARCH 7.—The Pitt Club Ball at Cambridge was a very gay "do," finishing up about 6 a.m.; lots of the men came in the dress of their various dining clubs, which rather put their more ordinary black-tie friends in the background. Mr. Christopher Cory was resplendent in the uniform of the Beefsteak Club; he came with Mr. Alec Metaxa (King's), Miss Judith Violett, the Misses Clare and Cicely Pearson-Rogers, puzzlingly identical twins in identical pale-green tulle, and Mr. James Skinner, a visitor from Oxford. Mr. John Lindesay-Bethune, younger son of Lord Lindsay, was there with his wife, the former Miss Enriqueta Koch de Gooreynd, looking sweet in a short flowered evening dress (they were married on New Year's Day); also Mr. Adam Butler, son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. John Stourton, Master of the Trinity Beagles, and Mr. David Nall-Cain, Lord Brocket's son, who is Master of the Cambridge Drag. Mr. Rae Lyster, Mr. David Gordon-Dean, Mr. Anthony Tennant and Mr. Simon Sainsbury were a few more of the young men; Miss Tessa Cobbold, Miss Jean Hill, Miss Caroline and Miss Penelope Dewar, daughters of Lord Forteviot, were dancing tirelessly most of the evening. There was an excellent buffet, highlight of which was an engaging sucking-pig.

MARCH 12.—As usual, people trekked miles to the Meath Hunt Races at Navan, always one of the most popular hunt meetings in Ireland. A spiteful wind blew gustily across the flat course, to the annoyance of many women who had been encouraged by the bright sun to leave their winter coats at home. Mrs. Randal Plunkett, just back from a trip to America, brought a large party over from near-by Dunsany Castle, including her daughter Miss Victoria de Rutzen and Mrs. Smyth, from Mullingar. Lady Mount Charles, who lives at historic Slane Castle, across the River Boyne from Dunsany, was talking to Brigadier and Mrs. Wingfield; Lady Goulding, Sir Basil Goulding's wife, looked smart in a tan suède jacket and tan-and-white check skirt; she had come all the way from Wicklow. Sir Oliver Lambert, whose horse *Fairfella* ran well in the last race, was with his wife and Colonel and Mrs. Hill Dillon; we saw lots of people congratulating Mrs. St. John Nolan after her horse *Æsculus* won the coveted Meath Hunt Cup.

With suitable club premises in such short supply the R.A.F. Reserves Club are sharing their very smart new home in South Street with the Airborne Club; we went along for a jolly party with these gentlemen

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MARCH 14.—TENNIS ROMANCE. Miss Jean Trower, the Wimbledon and Sussex tennis player, and Mr. Myles Hudspeth, were married at All Saints, Patcham, Brighton. They originally met at a tennis tournament.

MARCH 14.—BACK FROM WASHINGTON. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden pictured on arrival at London Airport. Mr. Eden said that the political and economic talks in Washington had been most helpful.

MARCH 14.—OLD BERKSHIRE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT. Mrs. D. V. Brooks, who snatched a victory in the Ladies Race, weighs in after the race. She was riding her own horse, *Our Isle*.

MARCH 14.—WOMEN'S HOCKEY MATCH AT WEMBLEY. A record crowd saw England beat Belgium; here the Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies, wife of the Belgian Ambassador, shakes hands with Beryl Chapman.

MARCH 14.—SAFELY OVER THE LAST FENCE. Miss M. Popham Buller on Mr. W. J. Voke's *Coral Boy* won the Ladies Open and Ladie Adjacent Hunts Challenge Cups at the Wilton Hunt Point-to-Point at Well House Farm, Salisbury.

Our Social Diary (contd.)

of the air when the Duke of Gloucester formally opened the Club and unveiled a plaque. The Duchess was there too, and looked most attractive in dark red. The Duke was presented with a silver beer tankard, and the Duchess with a goblet by Air Chief Marshal Sir Guy Garrod, President of the Club. Some of the R.A.F. notables there were Air Chief Marshals Sir John Baker and Sir Leslie Hollinghurst, Air Marshal Allinson, and Flight Lieutenant Hillwood, who took part in the record double Atlantic crossing last August. On the Airborne side were Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning, President, Major-General Bourne, Major-General Bols, Major-General Lathbury and Mr. Anthony Hepper, a committee member.

Last call was on the Unknown Political Prisoner at the Tate, which had the red carpet and striped awning out for the 1000 guests, including many diplomats and their wives, who had come to look at the winning entries. Some of the maquettes were curious in the extreme, and most people's opinions were guarded, except for Lord Jowitt's, which was frankly critical. We saw Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark being shown the winning maquette by its creator, Mr. Reg. Butler. Sir Rupert and Lady de la Bere had some amusing guesses at what the models represented; Sir Thomas White, the Australian High Commissioner. told us he 'd just discovered a bird-cage which Lady White said was just what she wanted for her canary. We talked to Mr. Anthony Kloman, the chairman and organiser of the competition, and his charming wife, who wore an unusual black-and-white vertically-striped dress. Mrs. R. G. Casey, wife of the Australian Minister for External Affairs, was the only woman on the international adjudicating committee.

MARCH 14.—It was such a warm, sunny day for the Old Berkshire Point-to-Point at Lockinge, near Wantage, that for once the spectators didn't have that familiar " blue " look about them. Lord Crawshaw had a horse running; Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland, looking forward to the polo season, was there with his very pretty young wife, also Mr. Jack Colin, the trainer, and Mr. Guy Wooding. Miss Joanna Jebb came with her cousin Miss Lynne Morgan, who was spending the week-end at Swinbrook with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacKinnon; Miss Veronica Waugh, the Misses Ann and Penelope Harcourt, daughters of Lord Harcourt, and Miss Merilyn Reynolds were others enjoying an outdoor afternoon on this splendid all-grass course.

Heard to-day that there is to be a special film show at the Odeon, Liverpool, on Friday, March 27th, to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the League of Welldoers. The president, the Earl of Sefton, and his Countess will be present, together with Freda, Viscountess Leverhulme.

ON THE *QUI VIVE* . . .

Above :
. . . literally for Paddy Lyndon, one of the principal dancers in the *Paris to Piccadilly* show at the Prince of Wales Theatre, who is ever ready nightly to get up on her toes and calculates that she has already put in 7740 minutes on tip-toe since the show began and cheerfully reckons that she will do another 10,000 tip-toe minutes before the show comes to an end.

Left :
. . . virtually for Betty Impey, playing in *Reluctant Heroes* at the Whitehall Theatre, who takes the part of a W.R.A.C. and has to make a sudden dive under a soldier's barrack-room bed every night to escape the eagle eye of the Sergeant making the nightly round of inspection.

Photographed by Percy Kessell.

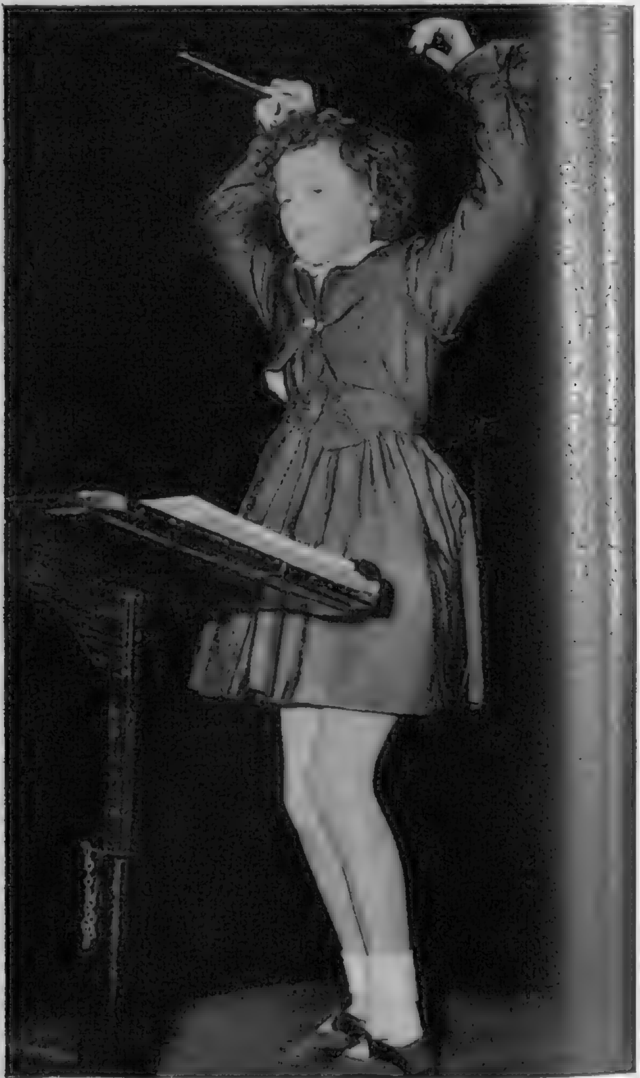
WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

REG BUTLER : For undertaking to produce a new £4,500 International prizewinning inspiration in a few days !

When told that a visitor to the exhibition of models of " The Unknown Political Prisoner " had smashed his winning effort, Mr. Butler, of Hatfield, Hertfordshire, said : " The first step is to reconstruct the model. Assuming one doesn't strike any snags, it should only take a few days."

ALBERT PERRY : For declining to bow to convention in his search for Academic honours !

The R.A. have consistently rejected Mr. Perry's submissions, but this year he is again trying with a " futuristic " iridescent model : " Earth in Love with the Moon 1963." Mr. Perry wears dark glasses and a 5-ft. sun hat to protect his sight.



GIANNELLA DE MARCO : For refusing to allow hunger to interfere with inspiration !

Pictured at rehearsal with the London Philharmonic Orchestra earlier this month, Italy's eight-year-old prodigy conductor rehearsed the orchestra for two hours without a break for refreshments—she just chewed vigorously on her baton between movements.

Drawn by Peter Arno. *Courtesy: Robert Hale.*

" DAMMIT! PARKER—YOU MIGHT AT LEAST HAVE SAID 'AHEM'!"

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

Moulin Rouge

(*Carlton*)

IT is most right and proper that any film about the life and work of the bizarre, spectacular and brilliant artist, Toulouse-Lautrec, would, first and foremost, be visually exciting. Lautrec was the son of a French nobleman, who tried, in a fever of painting, drink and debauchery in the taverns and brothels of Paris, to forget that an accident in early youth had turned him into an ugly, dwarfish cripple. His output was as prodigious as his dissipation, and when he died, at the early age of thirty-seven, he left behind him a portrait gallery of types, especially women, in the savage, sordid, whirling world of Paris in the Gay 'Nineties, that was as vivid as it was self-revealing.

Lautrec's work was wild with colour and movement, and so is the film that director John Huston has centred on the man and his painting. I doubt if any picture has had a more exciting opening than *Moulin Rouge*, and if the triumphant success of its first fifteen minutes is never wholly recaptured, the remaining hundred minutes are full of wonderful touches, and never less than striking. Mr. Huston's use of colour is superb; and so, by the way, is a detail that only the discerning eye may note—the fact that every single actor in his big crowd scenes is a definite personality.

In the difficult leading rôle, fine actor José Ferrer (of *Cyrano de Bergerac*) seems a little inhibited by his make-up (beard, steel-rimmed glasses, hat, worn both indoors and out, to give him height, false feet fitted to his knee-caps), but does manage, on the whole, to give the impression of a living man and an impassioned artist. The women who surround him—Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, Katherine Kath, Zsa-Zsa Gabor—have been most beautifully chosen, and the film is one that no lover of pictures can afford to miss.

The Titfield Thunderbolt

(*Leicester Square Theatre*)

IT is a little difficult to say why Ealing's *Titfield Thunderbolt* hasn't quite come off. The idea is charming. It also has the benefit of being based on fact.

The author, T. E. B. Clarke, tells us how, when he was sent by the studio to North Wales to look for material for one film story, he hit upon something so intriguing that he came back to London with quite another notion. He discovered an abandoned narrow-gauge railway, which was openly advertising for "volunteer platelayers." Upon inquiry, he found this was a private line run through the summer months by railway enthusiasts from all parts of the country, who spent their holidays as engine-drivers, guards, booking-clerks and firemen.

From this was born the idea of *The Titfield Thunderbolt*, the story of an obsolete branch-line railway bought up and manned by enthusiastic villagers. In the film, the scene is Devonshire. The menace is a motor transport company. Sabotage almost wrecks the amateurs' chances. But not for nothing has Titfield an ancient but still operational locomotive in a neighbouring museum; a vicar who has always yearned to drive an engine; and a visiting bishop with immortal longings to become a stoker. Puffing and panting from the tremendous strain of keeping up a 24·2 m.p.h. average, the Thunderbolt gets through.

Now this is a delightful little fancy, and provides, up to a point, a pleasing little picture. But beyond that point, it obstinately refuses to budge, except at the merest dawdle. What is wrong? For the life of me, I don't know. Perhaps the director lingers too affectionately over the pretty details of the Technicolor countryside. Perhaps the cutting is too slow. Perhaps the characters, agreeably played by George Relph (as the vicar), Godfrey Tearle (the bishop), Stanley Holloway (the benefactor who finances the line so that he can get a drink at nine o'clock in the morning) and others, are stock types rather than human beings. All I can say is that the film, as shown, doesn't seem to make the most of its opportunities. What I remember with the greatest pleasure is the perfect decorum and upright carriage of the Victorian dowager of a locomotive, 118 years old, but still moving sedately under her own power.

SHIRLEY BOOTH plays Lola Delaney in *Come Back, Little Sheba*—a performance that has been hailed by the critics as one of the greatest from Hollywood for many years.

Come Back, Little Sheba

(*Plaza*)

THIS is a disturbing, intelligent and sometimes acutely painful film, based on an American stage play. Little Sheba is a dog, who never appears on the screen, but stands as a symbol of her lost youth to a sloppy, frustrated, middle-aged woman married to a temporarily reformed alcoholic.

"Doc" and Lola Delaney have been forced into marriage as the result of what is known as "an indiscretion" in their student days. Lola dotes on her husband, but "Doc" has never forgotten that his hasty impulse all those years ago prevented his taking a full medical degree. Sex and sin have become almost synonymous to him, and when he finds Lola encouraging a peculiarly crass courtship between their young parlour-boarder and the college javelin champion, he takes the abandoned whisky-bottle out of the kitchen cupboard and goes off on a terrific blind. Full of Dutch courage, he then turns on his wife, strips all the veils off their pretence of happiness, snatches up the carving-knife, and is dragged away, screaming and struggling, to another "cure." That is not the end of the film, but in its naked cruelty, it is one of the most horrifying climaxes I ever remember seeing on the screen.

Come Back, Little Sheba is not a comfortable piece to watch. But it is full of truth and pity, and Shirley Booth's performance of this silly, lonely, pitiful heroine is magnificent. Miss Booth played the part in the New York theatre, and she doesn't fumble a single touch. The entire woman is there, from the excess poundage above the swollen ankles to the controlled quiver of the lip as she talks bravely to her mother on the telephone. Burt Lancaster, in a part unusual for him, shows real understanding, and Terry Moore, as a young girl with the firmness to say "no" and slip out of a hot corner, does very well indeed.

One Summer of Happiness

(*Curzon*)

ARNE MATTSON'S Swedish film is a memory story, like *The Glass Menagerie*. As such, it is disjointed, remote, unreal, selective and intensely personal.

A very young girl, a farmer's daughter, has died as the result of an accident. The film opens with her funeral. Driven away from the graveyard by the grim words of the pastor and the reproachful looks of the older villagers, who regard him as a vile seducer, the young student who has loved her and been loved recalls the golden summer they have spent together.

For the most part, this is an outdoor idyll, and the camera has caught the wonder of long sunny days in the fields, the secret of long twilight evenings beside the lake, with a touch that is not far removed from rhapsody. Folke Sundquist and Ulla Jacobsson play the village Romeo and Juliet exactly as young lovers should be played, as though there were no people in the world beside themselves. The closing shot, with the camera drawing back and back, taking the summer with it across the lake, leaving the boy diminished and alone, could hardly be excelled as a poignant comment on a memory story.

Street Corner

(*Odeon, Leicester Square*)

"YOUR policewomen are wonderful!" some admiring foreigner might well observe, after watching the exploits of the girls in blue in the British film *Street Corner*. For there seems nothing these intrepid ladies—some of them so frail, too, so elegant, so refined—are not expected to do in the normal day's round, from rescuing a baby from a fifth-storey window ledge, to grappling with a couple of armed jewel thieves. And when evening comes, they slip into their prettiest frocks, and go out raiding the sort of night-clubs where even the coca-cola is spiked with double rum. Practically the only thing they don't do is actually to arrest a violent criminal in full flight. They leave that to the police-dogs.

The policewomen in the Chelsea district, where *Street Corner* is located, are led by Anne Crawford, Rosamund John and Barbara Murray. They are mainly concerned with three separate cases, the most spectacular of which involves Peggy Cummins and Terence Morgan, as a wistful shoplifter and her crook boy-friend. Miss Cummins, however, is a good girl at heart, and we are left with the belief that she will eventually go back to her husband, an honest lorry-driver, who is forced to be out too long and too often on the Great North Road. At least, that is what we are *expected* to believe, but I must say that after the life of jewelled shame she has enjoyed in his absence, the outcome seemed highly problematical.

On escort duty with a convoy in the North Sea, Commander Ericson (Jack Hawkins) refuses to leave the bridge of his ship after almost twenty-four hours on watch.

Disaster hits the *Compass Rose*, when she is torpedoed. Here, two young officers, Morell (Denholm Elliott) and Ferraby (John Stratton), make their way to the boats.

"THE CRUEL SEA"

"This is the story of the Battle of the Atlantic. It is a story of an ocean, of two ships and a handful of men. The men are the heroes of it. The heroines are the ships. The villain is the cruel sea—the sea that man has made more cruel." So Lieut.-Commander Ericson, R.N.R., of H.M.S. *Compass Rose*, a Flower class corvette, introduces the story of this film, which begins in a Clydeside fitting-out yard in 1939 and ends when the U-boat menace is beaten in 1945. *The Cruel Sea* has its première to-morrow (March 26th) at the Leicester Square Theatre in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. The Duke of Edinburgh has consented to attend.

Lovely young Wren Officer Julie Hallam (Virginia McKenna), in love with one of Ericson's officers, is on duty in the operations room when she hears the news of the sinking of the *Compass Rose*.

The *Compass Rose* has her first taste of rescue work when a merchant ship in the convoy she is escorting is hit during a night attack and her crew have to be picked up after jumping into the oily sea.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By CYRIL BUTCHER

ESSENCE OF DOCUMENTARY

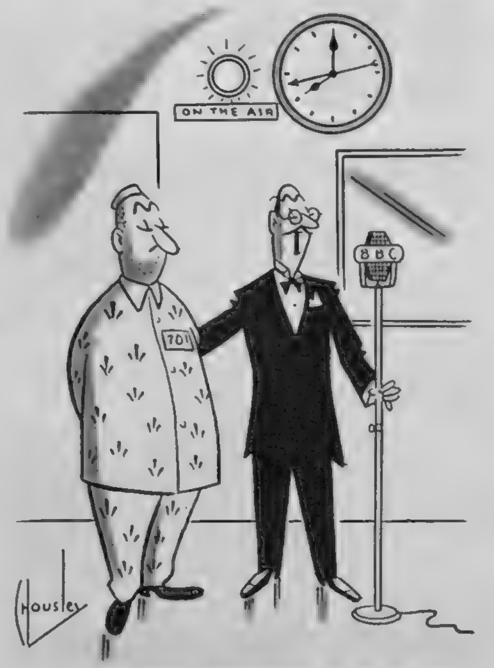
JUST how documentary should a Documentary be? This is not intended as a "Smart Alec" play upon words; but the posing of a fairly burning question. Documentary programmes have deservedly earned themselves the respect of viewer and critic in the past. Some of them have ranked with the best that television has offered and the general standard has been really excellent. Real life problems have been presented—and after all, that is the very essence of a Documentary—in a way which has been not only true and verisimilar, but also dramatic to the extent that one couldn't wait to see how the folk concerned in those problems sorted out their difficulties.

Now we come to television's latest documentary series, *The Pattern of Marriage*. Quite frankly, we found it a well-produced, well-mounted, well-acted bore. We couldn't have cared less what happened to the people who were exemplifying the problem, as long as we never, never set eyes on them again. And that is scarcely the effect Caryl Doncaster and Ted Willis must have intended. One presumes that they set out to write a documentary series—showing the difficulties that beset two young people who want to get married and start a home of their own in this day and age—which would tug at the heart-strings. For characters they chose an ordinary young man and an ordinary young girl, who had two very ordinary women and one most ordinary man as parents. One begins to see that the authors were rigidly avoiding anything fancy—and in doing so managed to eschew anything that might bring the thing alive. These very ordinary folk produced gems of dialogue like: "It's very cold for the time of year, isn't it?"; or: "We must keep plugging." (To which, admittedly, the girl replied: "If you say that again I shall scream," several minutes after we had burst our own larynx.)

The whole thing was intended to be absolutely true to life. And it was! But life is not art; and surely Caryl Doncaster is experienced enough by now as a documentary producer to know that she is dealing with an art form. Here we are absolutely at one with a fellow-critic, Maurice Wiggin, who said about this programme: "Photographic realism is not enough." It is not, indeed, and ordinary men and women are not really interesting unless they do something which is *not* ordinary. A documentary must be treated like a play: one *must* care what happens; you must keep the background authentic, but in your characters and in the things you give them to say you must paint, not take a photograph.

Shakespeare's *As You Like It* is not by any means the easiest of the Bard's plays to televise satisfactorily. The intimate medium is bound to show up its wild improbabilities and the heavy-handedness of the wit, which belongs to that very punning period of our national humour. Then the predominantly outdoor setting is rather trying for television. Inevitably the Forest of Arden has to be stylised, and that never seems to come off convincingly. Even in its literary quality *As You Like It* has its problems. There are many sequences which no one can pretend are in Shakespeare's most inspired style. Then suddenly one comes up against the supreme passages, like "All the world's a stage." A producer has to skim over the tiresome parts, and yet be ready to give full weight to those moments when some of the greatest verse in the English language falls upon the ear.

So let us sweep off our critical hat, with a deep bow, to Campbell Logan for a really superb production. Not only was it one of the most technically accomplished presentations of many months, but there was about it a rhythm and a lilt which make one turn to music for parallels. It was as if Mr. Logan was in the conductor's chair in an opera house, rather than in the control room at Lime Grove. The wrestling scene was an exciting *agitato*; Jaques' soliloquy—most exquisitely, yes, *sung* by Michael Hordern—became a lovely *adagio*; and the "And so am I for Rosalind" sequence became a serene quartet.



"And here is someone to say a few words about the grave consequence of evading income tax."

The cast could scarcely have been bettered, and if we limit ourselves to the two main performers it is only at the dictates of space. As Rosalind, Margaret Leighton underlined the reputation she has earned for giving a touch of magic to everything she does. One could perhaps have wished that she had been more sparing of her *pizzicato* passages, but that is hypercriticism. Laurence Harvey in the role of Orlando left no doubt that here is a young actor who is likely soon to share the laurel crowns of Gielgud and Olivier.

Now that we are in a musical frame of mind, let us say a nice "Thank you" to Cyril Smith, who, with a section of the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Charles Groves, played Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No. 3 the other evening. We have heard Mr. Smith more at ease in this same work, but all the same it was a most pleasurable performance. It was well served by Mr. Groves, who is one of the finest conductors in this country, and who has a wonderful capacity for extracting clarity from the instrumentalists under his bâton. But *must* there always be one of those embarrassing explanations of the music, every time an orchestral work is performed on television? When Mr. Groves solemnly explained that the relationship between soloist and conductor in a concerto was a partnership, he can scarcely have increased anyone's musical knowledge.

The new Saturday night serial, a dramatisation of Eric Ambler's novel *Epitaph for a Spy*, started off fairly well, but not without the usual symptoms of first episode-itis: a too leisurely setting of the scene and introduction of the main characters before the first *frisson* of excitement.

Watching Brief

ONLY an earthquake will keep us from our television set next Friday (March 27th), when Sir Thomas Beecham returns to the screen with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a Mozart programme. Viewers who remember his previous appearance in *The Conductor Speaks* series will no doubt look forward to this occasion as much as we do.

* * *

March 29th and April 2nd are the dates of Dorothy Massingham's (in conjunction with Murray Macdonald) drama *The Lake*. Irene Worth, Eileen Thorndike and Marie Ney play the leading parts. Harold Clayton produces.

* * *

For comedy turn to *Down Came a Blackbird*, by Peter Blackmore, next Tuesday (March 31st). Tatiana Lieven directs a distinguished cast, headed by Harold Warrender, Eleanor Summerfield, Hugh McDermott and Helen Shingler.

* * *

Les Sylphides is a recurring factor in television ballet. But on Good Friday (April 3rd) you will be able to see it with Alicia Markova.

* * *

On the same evening a film of the Passion of Our Lord will be shown, called *Behold the Man*. We don't usually believe in films on television, but this is rather different.

* * *

Finally, don't forget that the Boat Race, on March 28th, will be televised as usual.

People Who Matter

MARSHAL JOSIP BROZ-TITO
PRESIDENT OF YUGOSLAVIA

CAN Tito really be sixty-one? This is a question asked by several people who met the Marshal during his visit to London. As you watch his outsize head and deep-set blue eyes, and study his lithe movements, you ask if you have made a mistake. He bends over the three-quarter-size billiards table in his games' house outside the residence at Rumunska 15, in Belgrade, with the ease of a youngish lieutenant. He bends to send down a ball in the skittle-alley as would a man half his age.

Maybe it is due to the physical jerks he performs every morning, to the weekly riding and the frequent shoots in the grounds outside another residence, formerly the Royal home, Beli Dvor (White Palace).

In the smiles and the laughs there is happiness, but not of the deep type. Starvation as a boy, endless frustration as a youth, prison in Siberia in wartime, beatings in Yugoslav police stations, over twenty years' travel with four or five false passports, five years in "the dirtiest cell they could find" in the Dartmoor called Lepoglava—all these have bitten deep. Years of political discussion and almost indescribable hardship as Partisan leader against Nazis, Fascists, Quislings; months on only horse-steak, no vegetables, no bread, no flour, no bed have turned Tito into a patient listener but a ruthlessly critical judge. (A phrase of sycophancy or foolish exaggeration and Tito loses interest: has made up his mind adversely!)

The uniforms are fine, carefully designed, for Tito thinks of himself as head of a military nation of 800,000 soldiers out of 16,500,000 inhabitants; there are "no patches on the trousers," for this was the hall-mark of failure in the tiny village of Kumrovec in his days as a poor farmer's harshly-worked labourer and as a waiter. The luxurious homes in Belgrade, in Zagreb, in fabulous Bled, in Bohun and maybe elsewhere, compensate—but only a little. The people's truly spontaneous applause as he drives in a procession of shiny limousines warms. But in repose, I often think, Tito shows it has all come almost too late in life.—G. B.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

A BLOUSE FOR SPRING

Until recently blouses have been the Cinderellas of the fashion world, unless they have been made to order and extremely costly. An exciting new range has now appeared, blouses designed by Maggy Rouff in Paris, and identically reproduced in this country by Malcolm Rowe, at reasonable prices. This tailored blouse, in rich grey satin, with a detachable tie, is one of this range, and may be found at Harrods, London ; and Mary Lee of Tunbridge Wells, for about 9 gns.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO *(continued)*

NEWS FROM PARIS

The fashion news from Paris, which will soon be echoing into the furthest corner of the remotest dress-manufacturing establishment in Britain, is a tale of femininity, fragility and flowers. Everywhere there is a summery freshness. Fabrics flutter and flow, there is tremendous use of white and soft, pale colours, and flowery patterns abound. Necklines fall away, which adds to the feminine look, even coats are loose and billowing, and in suits there is concentration on roundness at the top of the jacket, with a " long torso " look. Hats are gay and various, and there is much prettiness, as opposed to smartness. We have been in turn, dramatic, elegant, stately and boyish, and this summer Paris tells us to be really feminine, and float gracefully through the summer days.

Above : Hubert de Givenchy has made this swirling cocktail dress in printed moiré. A plain, knotted stole forms one sleeve, and flares out to add to the fullness of the skirt.

Centre : An afternoon dress with Christian Dior's skilfully simple lines. In printed silk, the bodice crosses from cap-sleeves into a neat waist, from which the skirt whirls in wide, unpressed pleats.

Left : Charmingly elegant, a coat in grey silk surah, over a yellow chiffon dress by Lanvin-Castillo. Both are softly pleated, flowing into a wide frill at the lower hem.

Specially drawn for " THE SKETCH " by Alfred Schall.

Right : A gracefully flowing dress in grey organdie, by Jacques Fath. The skirt, which has an almost bustle-back, flounces away from a white-flocked strapless top and skirt-front. A stole adds to the fluttering freshness of the dress.

Above : A tailored suit, contrastingly slick in line. Lanvin-Castillo has tailored this suit in heavy checked cotton. The skirt is slim, the jacket has the long-torso look, the back blousing into neat buttoned pleats on the low waistline.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

ELEGANT ECONOMY

A most useful addition to a summer wardrobe for the more formal occasion is the silk coat, which has gained increasing popularity during the past two years, and is a greater favourite than ever this season. These coats may either be loose or fitting, and we show here Rensor's version, a steel-grey, grosgrain, loose coat, with smooth shoulders and richly folded sleeves. It costs about 14½ gns. from Dickins and Jones, London, and Matthias Robinson, Leeds. The little white cap, made up of white straw-lace daisies, is a Hugh Beresford's "Town and Country" model, price 79s. 11d., from Marshall and Snelgrove.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Studio Hanover.

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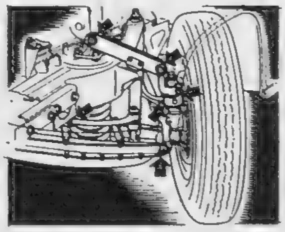

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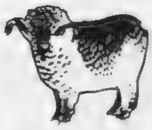

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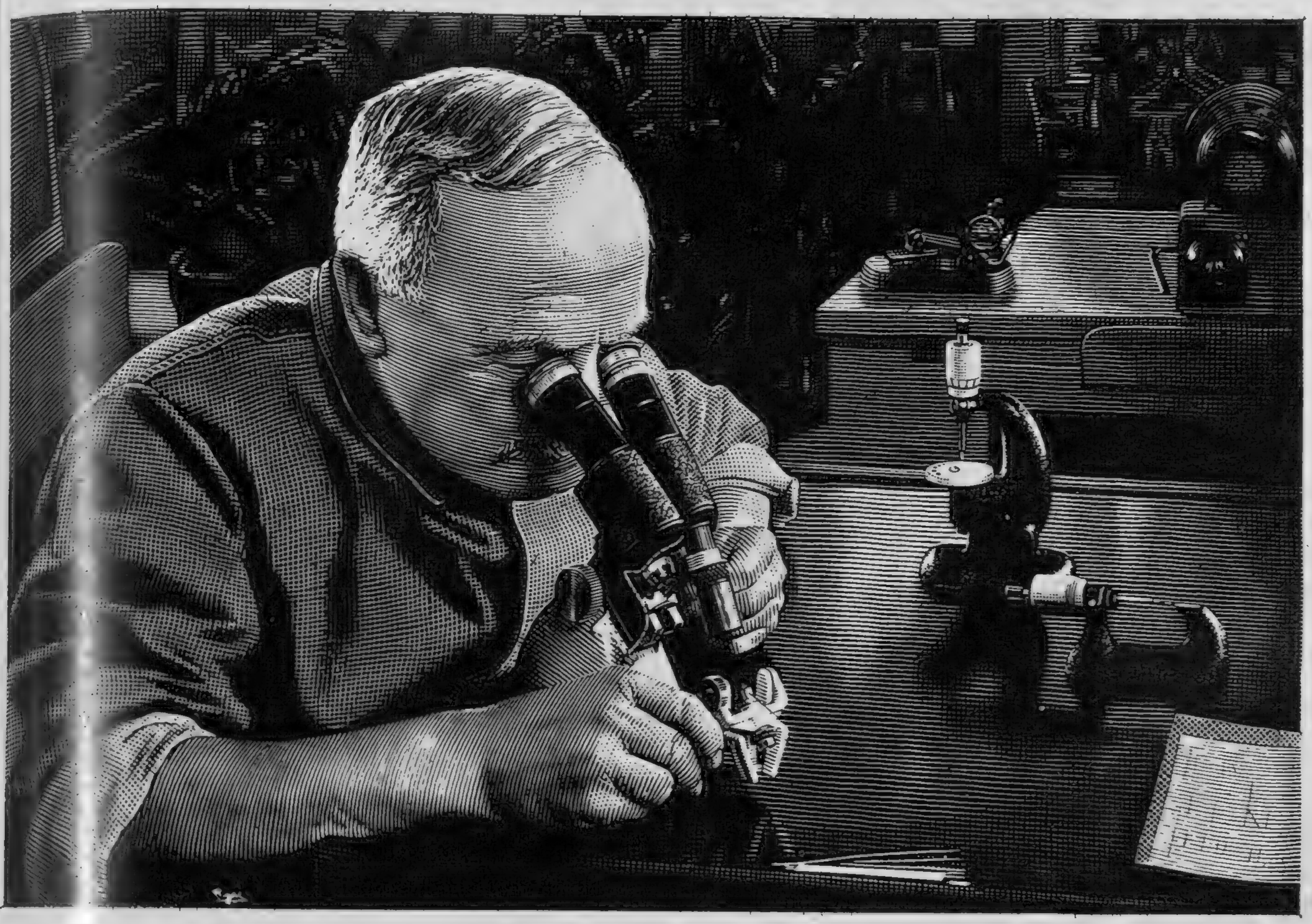

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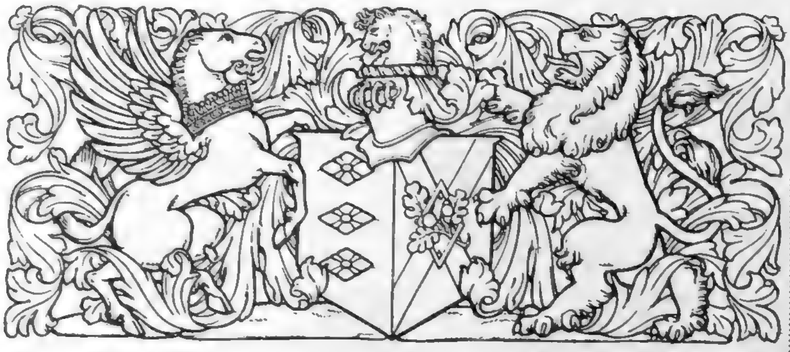

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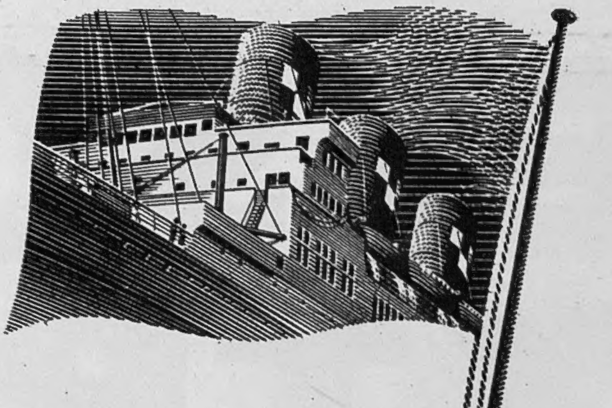

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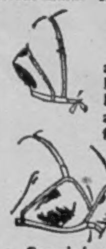

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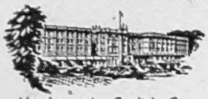

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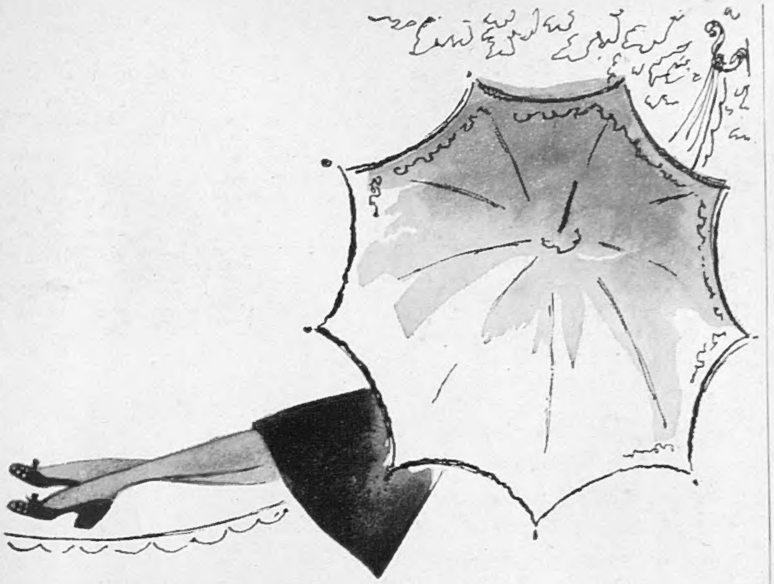

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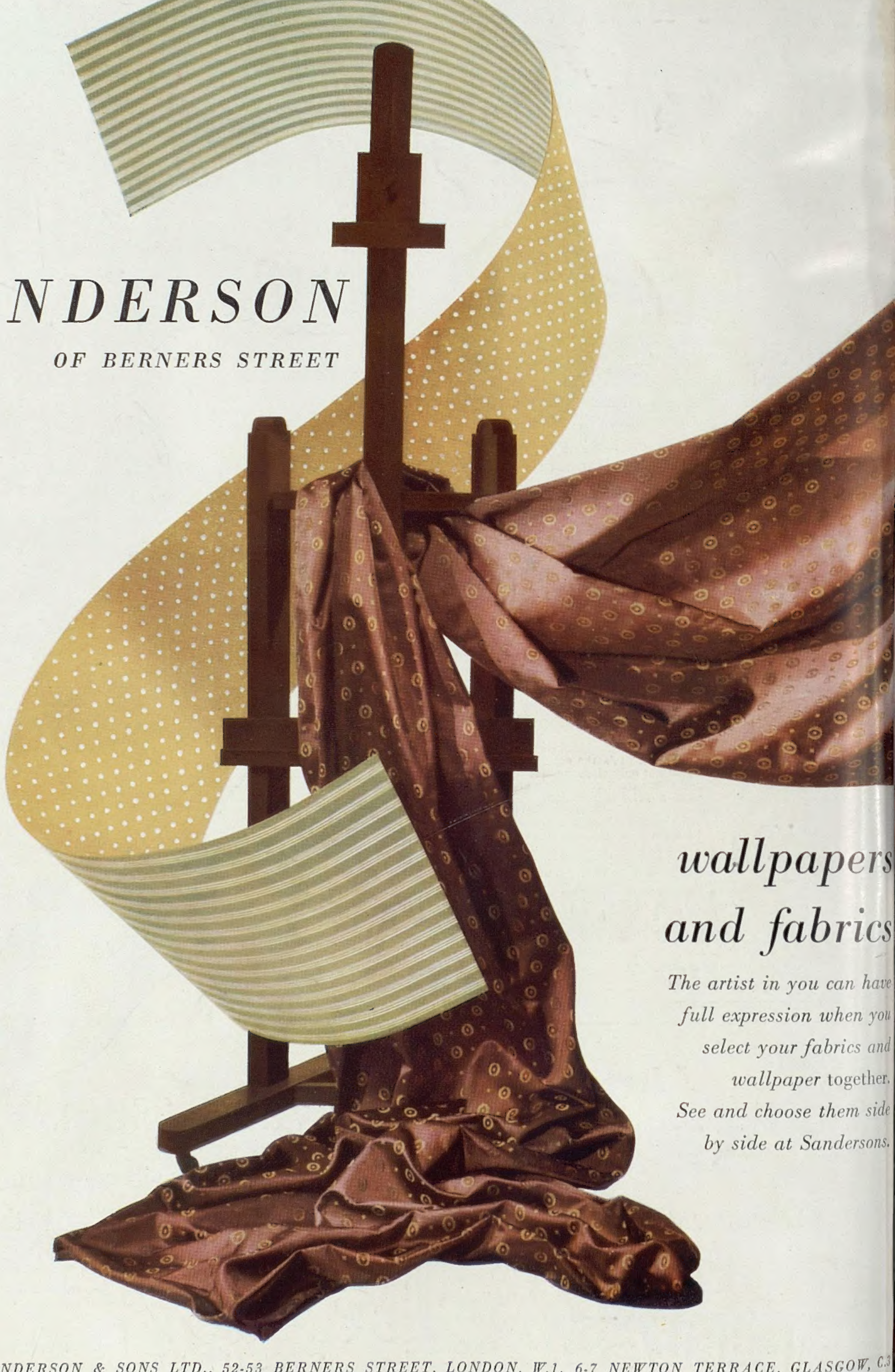

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